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WEEK ENDING OCT. 3 1925

Liberty

5c

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

A DAY WITH CONRAD GREEN

By Ring Lardner

Personalities of Paramount

RICARDO CORTEZ

The dark and dashing blade who can make love, war or laughter equally well is the role made to order for Ricardo Cortez. As a hot-blooded cavalier in Argentine Love he made a terrific hit, and his star shone equally brightly in Children of Jazz, Feet of Clay, The Spaniard, Not So Long Ago and In the Name of Love. His newest Paramount Picture appearance will be in the great epic, The Pony Express.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed moustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in Spanish Dancer, Shadows of Paris, The Fast Set, Forbidden Paradise, Lost a Wife and Are Parents People? His newest Paramount Picture will be The King on Main Street.

WALLACE BEERY

To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality, rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV. in The Spanish Dancer, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier. New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are The Wanderer, The Pony Express and In the Name of Love.

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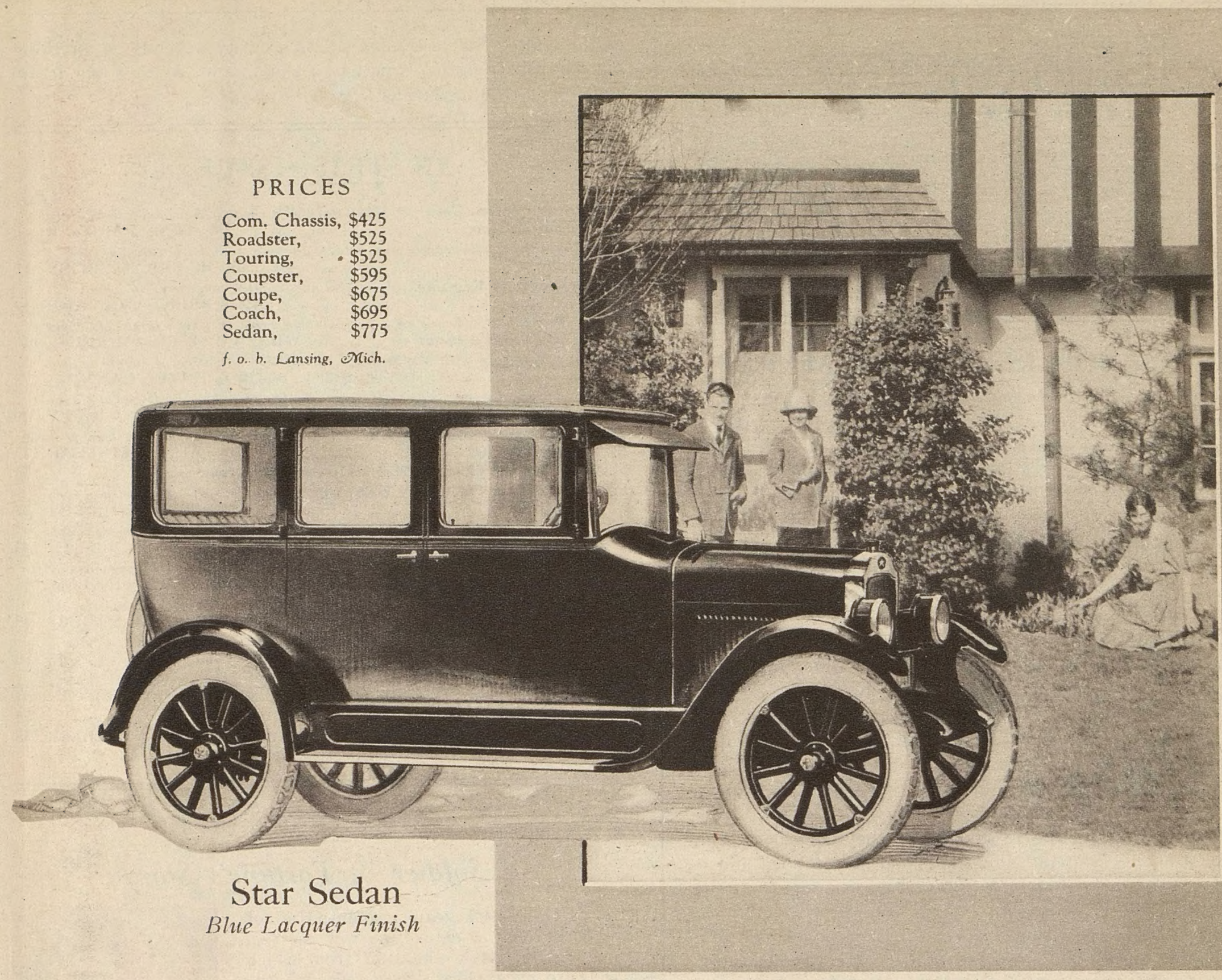

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

IS IT SO? OR IS IT NIGHTMARE?

The white man does not seem to be so healthy, but it may be only a bad dream. Ever since Columbus sailed into the Caribbean Sea and Vasco da Gama went around the shoulder of Africa, both seeking new market routes to the Far East, the Indies, and the spice islands after the Turks had closed all the routes by the Near East, the whites have been overrunning the colors, the red, brown, black, yellow, and tan, in America, Asia, and Africa.

As world time goes it was not so long before this that it was the other way about. The Persians, Mongols, Scythians, Arabs, Moors, and Turks came out of their breeding places and tried to run the whites out of theirs.

It has always been the case that if you have something better than another people, that other people will try to take it from you if they need it.

The colors were stopped at Chalons and Tours, thrown out of Spain, beaten at the sea battle of Lepanto, checked at the walls of Vienna. Then the whites went out to do more than the Roman Empire ever did.

All the colors except the Japanese, and they, for a moment, took orders from the whites. Now that flood has stopped and is hesitating. Again the rising tide seems to be coming from the other direction.

China and India are rising. North Africa is in arms. The great population and the fanatic fighting peoples are aroused.

Russia, turned toward the occident by Peter the Great, has turned back, under the Reds, toward its cradle in Asia. With an Asiatic savagery these Reds conducted a revolution against everything that represents stability, comfort, and security with the whites.

With Asiatic sympathies Red Russia has incited Afghanistan and India against the British, China against the white world, the Riff Mohammedan against the French and Spanish, the Tripolitan against the Italian.

The few travelers who get in and out of Mongolia and the Gobi desert region report that Feng, the Chinese general, has there great training fields for Chinese troops supplied and officered from Red Russia.

Soviet Russia is the enemy of every white government and all the people so governed. At first, when the whites were in the first post-war disorganization, the Reds went at them directly, with some success with violence in Germany, getting temporary control in Hungary and Austria, taking over industries and government in northern Italy, and causing distress and unrest in Great Britain and France.

The great push against the center failed. The Reds then took to encirclement and the drive with the colors from the various points of the circumference. And so the horizon is aflame.

It may be a nuisance or it may be a danger. No one can tell. The whites have taught their methods of warfare and have given their weapons to the peoples they have overrun.

The tide which was once turned back may be rolling in again. It may be only a bad dream. But let no prosperous country such as the United States think that its security depends on anything but its own strength. It may be a bad dream. Many a bad dream has proved true in the past.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

A Day with Conrad Green. *A short story of a theatrical producer who liked to beat the game*.....By RING LARDNER 5
The Man Inside. *Revealing the hidden dynamo that both rules us and is ruled by us*.....By DR. FRANK CRANE 11
Mistakes Made in Romance. *A helpful survey of wrong ways to woo*.....By BRENDA UELAND 12
Deacon Bill Smith. *A tale of a pacifist who came in like a lamb and went out like a world champion*.....By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE 16
Some Big Moments with My Snakes. *A thrilling narrative of jungle adventure*.....As told by J. L. BUCK to HAZEL CANNING 25
Has Your Face a Better Side? *Harrison Fisher tells how to discover hidden beauty*.....By ALEXANDRA GREY 30
Don't Talk It Over with the Wife. *A salesman's advice to men who seek counsel at home*.....By PAUL L. KINKEAD 33
$1,000 a Week for Titles to Liberty Covers. *The week's winners*..... 36
Fitz—The Master Fighter. *A closeup of "Ruby Robert" by the man who trained him*.....By DAN HICKEY 37
Liberty's First Weekly $1,000 Reward for Bravery. *Launching a new, sensational enterprise*..... 43
Caria. *Part three of a gripping serial of college life and a young woman with determined ambitions*.....By HORATIO WINSLOW 44
The Family Dinner Menu and Its Service. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS 49
Dancing Gowns for Fall Are of Chiffon and Crepe. *Fashions*.....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 50
How the "Rabbit" Ball Changed the Game. *A chapter of inside history for baseball fans*.....By HUGH FULLERTON 53
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 41..... 56
A Page of Movie Reviews.....By RICHARD HALLIDAY 58

Cover Design by Ruth Eastman

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Soldier of Fortune's Story

THIRTY-SIX years crammed full of perilous adventure, narrow escapes, daring risks—the stuff from which novels are made! That's the career of *Tracy Richardson*, concerning whom Richard Harding Davis once said: "He has lived and fought more soldier of fortune stories than I have ever written." Richardson has now told his experiences for the first time, and *Meigs O. Frost* has made of them a gay and dashing narrative, which begins in next week's Liberty.

Nickolas Muray Photo
ELMER DAVIS
Author of A Case of Scotch.

Elmer Davis, whose *White Pants Willie*, of course, you remember, contributes to the coming issue a lively short story about *A Case of Scotch*, in which smiles, heartaches, and a maze of unexpected happenings are most beguilingly blended.

George Ade pokes a mean pen into the heart of a national problem in a laugh-provoker called *The Fable of the Brotherly Confab*. It may help you make up your mind, if you haven't done so already, about a much-discussed constitutional amendment.

Zoe Beckley delves into the perplexing heart problems of Princess Ileana of Roumania in an article entitled *Who Will Win Europe's Most Beautiful Princess? Bill Cunningham*, famous gridiron star, gives "inside dope" on *How Football Players Get to College; Robert McBlair* tells a riotously funny tale of darkies and trouble in *Lots of Air*, and Liberty's second weekly award of $1,000 for heroism is announced.

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A Day with Conrad Green

A Sprightly Tale of a Theatrical Magnate, a Pearl Necklace, the Conventional Wife, and a Jealous Sweetie

By RING LARDNER

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HE dressed in a symphony of purple and gray, and set out for Broadway.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CONRAD GREEN woke up depressed and, for a moment, could not think why. Then he remembered. Herman Plant was dead; Herman Plant, who had been his confidential secretary ever since he had begun producing; who had been much more than a secretary—his champion, votary, shield, bodyguard, tool, occasional lackey, and the butt of his heavy jokes and nasty temper. For forty-five dollars a week.

Herman Plant was dead, and this Lewis, recommended by Ezra Peebles, a fellow entrepreneur, had not, yesterday, made a good first impression. Lewis was apparently impervious to hints. You had to tell him things right out, and when he did understand he looked at you as if you were a boob. And insisted on a salary of sixty dollars right at the start. Perhaps Peebles, who, Green knew, hated him almost enough to make it fifty-fifty, was doing him another dirty trick dressed up as a favor.

After ten o'clock, and still Green had not had enough sleep. It had been nearly three when his young wife and he had left the Bryant-Walkers'. Mrs. Green, the former Marjorie Manning of the Vanities chorus, had driven home to Long Island, while he had stayed in the rooms he always kept at the Ambassador.

Marjorie had wanted to leave a good deal earlier; through no lack of effort on her part she had been almost entirely ignored by her aristocratic host and hostess and most of the guests. She had confided to her husband more than once that she was sick of the whole such-and-such bunch of so-and-so's. As far as she was concerned, they could all go to hell and stay there! But Green had been rushed by the pretty and stage-struck Joyce Brainard, wife of the international polo star, and had successfully combated his own wife's importunities till the Brainards themselves had gone.

Yes, he could have used a little more sleep, but the memory of the party cheered him. Mrs. Brainard, excited by his theatrical aura and several highballs, had been almost affectionate. She had promised to come to his office some time and talk over a stage career which both knew was impossible so long as Brainard lived. But, best of all, Mr. and Mrs. Green would be listed in the papers as among those present at the Bryant-Walkers', along with the Vanderbecks, the Suttons, and the Schuylers, and that would just about be the death of Peebles and other social sycophants of "show business." He would order all the papers now and look for his name. No; he was late and must get to his office. No telling what a mess things were in without Herman Plant. And, by the way, he mustn't forget Plant's funeral this afternoon.

HE bathed, telephoned for his breakfast and his favorite barber, dressed in a symphony of purple and gray, and set out for Broadway, pretending not to hear the "There's Conrad Green!" spoken in awed tones by two flappers and a Westchester realtor whom he passed.

Green let himself into his private office, an office of luxurious, exotic furnishings, its walls adorned with expensive landscapes and a Zuloaga portrait of his wife. He took off his twenty-five dollar velour hat, approved of himself in the large mirror, sat down at his desk, and rang for Miss Jackson.

"All the morning papers," he ordered, "and tell Lewis to come in."

"I'll have to send out for the papers," said Miss Jackson, a tired-looking woman of forty-five or fifty.

"What do you mean, send out? I thought we had an arrangement with that boy to leave them every morning."

"We did. But the boy says he can't leave them any more till we've paid up to date."

"What do we owe?"

"Sixty-five dollars."

"Sixty-five dollars! He's crazy! Haven't you been paying him by the week?"

"No. You told me not to."

"I told you nothing of the kind! Sixty-five dollars! He's trying to rob us!"

"I don't believe so, Mr. Green," said Miss Jackson. "It's more than thirty weeks since he began, and you know we've never paid him."

"But hell! There isn't sixty-five dollars' worth of newspapers ever been printed! Tell him to sue us! And now send out for the papers and do it quick! After this we'll get them down at the corner every morning and pay for them. Tell Lewis to bring me the mail."

Miss Jackson left him, and presently the new secretary came in. He was a man under thirty, whom one would have taken for a high school teacher rather than a theatrical general's aide.

"Good-morning, Mr. Green," he said.

His employer disregarded the greeting.

"Anything in the mail?" he asked.

"Not much of importance. I've already answered most of it. Here are a few things from your clipping bureau and a sort of dunning letter from some jeweler in Philadelphia."

"What did you open that for?" demanded Green, crossly. "Wasn't it marked personal?"

"Look here, Mr. Green," said Lewis quietly: "I was told you had a habit of being rough with your employees. I am not used to that sort of treatment and don't intend to get used to it. If you are decent with me, I'll work for you. Otherwise I'll resign."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Lewis. I didn't mean to be rough. It's just my way of speaking. Forget it and I'll try not to give you any more cause to complain."

"All right, Mr. Green. You told me to open

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

all your mail except the letters with that one little mark on them——"

"Yes, I know. Now let's have the clippings."

Lewis laid them on the desk.

"I threw away about ten of them that were all the same—the announcement that you had signed Bonnie Blue for next season. There's one there that speaks of a possible partnership between you and Sam Stein——"

"What a nerve he's got, giving out a statement like that. Fine chance of me mixing myself up with a crook like Stein! Peebles says he's a full stepbrother to the James boys. So is Peebles himself, for that matter. What's this long one about?"

"It's about that young composer, Casper Ettelson. It's by Deems Taylor of the *World*. There's just a mention of you down at the bottom."

"Read it, will you? I've overstrained my eyes."

The dead Herman Plant had first heard of that eyestrain twenty years ago. It amounted to almost total blindness where words of over two syllables were concerned.

"'So far,'" Lewis read, "'Ettelson has not had a book worthy of his imaginative, whimsical music. How we would revel in an Ettelson score with a Barrie libretto and a Conrad Green production.'"

"Who is this Barrie?" asked Green.

"I suppose it's James M. Barrie," replied Lewis, "the man who wrote Peter Pan."

"I thought that was written by a fella over in England," said Green.

"I guess he does live in England. He was born in Scotland. I don't know where he is now."

"Well, find out if he's in New York, and, if he is, get a hold of him. Maybe he'll do a couple of scenes for our next show. Come in, Miss Jackson. Oh, the papers!"

MISS JACKSON handed them to him and went out. Green turned first to the society page of the *Herald-Tribune*. His eye trouble was not so severe as to prevent his finding that page. And he could read his name when it was there to be read.

Three paragraphs were devoted to the Bryant-Walker affair, two of them being lists of names. And Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Green were left out.

"———!" commented Green, and grabbed the other papers. The *World* and *Times* were searched with the same hideous result. And the others did not mention the party at all.

"———!" repeated Green. "I'll get somebody for this!" Then, to Lewis: "Here! Take this telegram. Send it to the managing editors of all the morning papers; you'll find their names pasted on Plant's desk. Now: 'Ask your society editor why my name was not on list of guests at Bryant-Walker dinner Wednesday night. Makes no difference to me, as am not seeking and do not need publicity, but it looks like conspiracy, and thought you ought to be informed, as have always been good friend of paper, as well as steady advertiser.'

"If you'll pardon a suggestion," said Lewis, "I'm afraid a telegram like this would just be laughed at."

"You send the telegram; I'm not going to have a bunch of reporters make a fool of me!"

"I don't believe you can blame the reporters. There probably weren't reporters there. The list of guests is generally given out by the people who give the party."

"But listen——" Green paused and thought. "All right. Don't send the telegram. But if the Bryant-Walkers are ashamed of me, why the hell did they invite me? I certainly didn't want to go and they weren't under obligations to me. I never——" As if it had been waiting for its cue, the telephone rang, and Kate, the switchboard girl, announced that the Bryant-Walkers' secretary was on the wire.

"I am speaking for Mrs. Bryant-Walker," said a female voice. "She is chairman of the committee on entertainment for the Women's Progress Bazaar. The bazaar is to open on the third of next month and wind up on the evening of the fifth with a sort of vaudeville entertainment. She wanted me to ask you——"

Green hung up with an oath.

"That's the answer!" he said. "The damn grafters!"

Miss Jackson came in again.

"Mr. Robert Blair is waiting to see you."

"Who is he?"

"You know. He tried to write some things for one of the shows last year."

"Oh, yes. Say, did you send flowers to Plant's house?"

"I did," replied Miss Jackson. "I sent some beautiful roses."

"How much?"

"Forty-five dollars," said Miss Jackson.

"Forty-five dollars for roses! And the man hated flowers even when he was alive! Well, send in this Blair."

Robert Blair was an ambitious young free lance who had long been trying to write for the stage, but with little success.

"Sit down, Blair," said Green. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, Mr. Green, my stuff didn't seem to suit you last year, but this time I think I've got a scene that can't miss."

"All right. If you want to leave it here, I'll read it over."

"I haven't written it out. I thought I'd tell you the idea first."

"Well, go ahead, but cut it short; I've got a lot of things to do today. Got to go to old Plant's funeral for one thing."

"I bet you miss him, don't you?" said Blair, sympathetically.

"Miss him! I should say I do! A lovable character and"—with a glance at Lewis—"the best secretary I'll ever have. But let's hear your scene."

"Well," said Blair, "it may not sound like much, but I think it'll work out great. The police get a report that a woman has been murdered in her home, and they go there and find her husband, who is acting very nervous. They give him the third degree, and he finally breaks down and admits he killed her. They ask him why, and he tells them he is very fond of beans, and on the preceding evening he came home to dinner and asked her what there was to eat, and she told him she had lamb chops, mashed potatoes, spinach, and apple pie. So he says, 'No beans?' and she says, 'No beans.' So he shoots her dead. Of course, the scene between the husband and wife is acted out on the stage. Then——"

"It's no good!" said Conrad Green. "In the first place, it takes too many people, all those policemen and everybody."

"Why, all you need is two policemen and the man and his wife. Wait till I tell you the rest."

"I don't like it; it's no good. Come back again when you've got something."

When Blair had gone Green turned to Lewis.

"That's all for just now," he said, "but on your way out tell Miss Jackson to get a hold of Martin and say I want him to drop in here."

"What Martin?" asked Lewis.

"She'll know—Joe Martin, the man that writes most of our librettos."

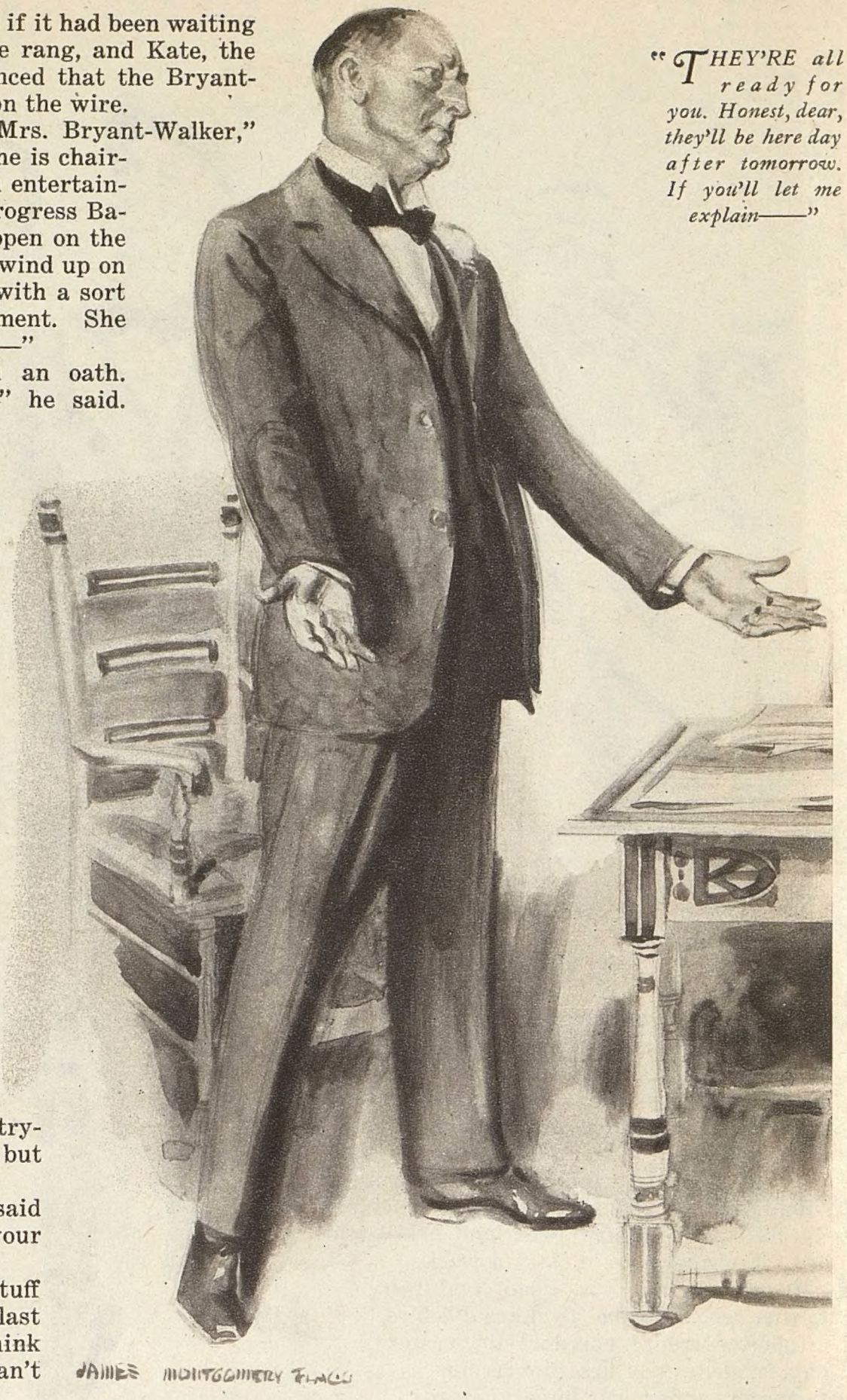
Alone, Conrad Green crossed the room to his safe, opened it, and took out a box on which was inscribed the name of a Philadelphia jeweler. From the box he removed a beautiful rope of matched pearls and was gazing at them in admiration when Miss Jackson came in; whereupon he hastily replaced them in their case and closed the safe.

"That man is here again," said Miss Jackson. "That man Hawley from *Gay New York*."

"Tell him I'm not in."

"I did, but he says he saw you come in and he's going to wait. Really, Mr. Green, I think it would be best to see him. He's awfully persistent."

"All right; send him in," said Green, impa-



"THEY'RE all ready for you. Honest, dear, they'll be here day after tomorrow. If you'll let me explain——"

"I'LL listen to nothing! You know where to reach me and when you've kept your promise you can call me up."

tiently, "though I have no idea what he can possibly want of me."

Mr. Hawley, dapper and eternally smiling, insisted on shaking hands with his unwilling host, who had again sat down at his desk.

"I think," he said, "we've met before."

"Not that I know of," Green replied shortly.

"Well, it makes no difference, but I'm sure you've read our little paper, *Gay New York*."

"No," said Green. "All I have time to read is manuscripts."

"You don't know what you're missing," said Hawley. "It's really a growing paper, with a big New York circulation."

"Are you soliciting subscriptions?"

"No. Advertising."

"Well, frankly, Mr. Hawley, I don't believe I need any advertising. I believe that even the advertising I put in the regular daily papers is a waste of money."

"Just the same," said Hawley, "I think you'd be making a mistake not to take a page in *Gay New York*. It's only a matter of fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred dollars! That's a joke! Nobody's going to hold *me* up!"

"Nobody's trying to, Mr. Green. But I might as well tell you that one of our reporters came in with a story the other day—well, it was about a little gambling affair in which some of the losers sort of forgot to settle, and—well, my partner was all for printing it, but I said I had always felt friendly toward you and why not give you a chance to state your side of it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. If your reporter has got my name mixed up in a gambling story he's crazy."

"No. He's perfectly sane and very, very careful. We make a specialty of careful reporters and we're always sure of our facts."

Conrad Green was silent for a long, long time. Then he said:

"I tell you, I don't know what gambling business you refer to, and, furthermore, fifteen hundred dollars is a hell of a price for a page in a paper like yours. But still, as you say, you've got the kind of circulation that might do me good. So if you'll cut down the price——"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Green, but we never do that."

"Well, then, of course you'll have to give me a few days to get my ad fixed up. Say you come back here next Monday afternoon."

"That's perfectly satisfactory, Mr. Green," said Hawley, "and I assure you that you're not making a mistake. And now I won't keep you any longer from your work."

He extended his hand, but it was ignored, and he went out, his smile a little broader than when he had come in. Green remained at his desk, staring straight ahead of him and making semi-audible references to certain kinds of dogs as well as personages referred to in the Old and New Testaments. He was interrupted by the entrance of Lewis.

"Mr. Green," said the new secretary, "I have found a check for forty-five dollars, made out to Herman Plant. I imagine it is for his final week's pay. Would you like to have me change it and make it out to his widow?"

"Yes," said Green. "But no; wait a minute. Tear it up and I'll make out my personal check to her and add something to it."

"All right," said Lewis, and left.

"Forty-five dollars' worth of flowers," said Green to himself, and smiled for the first time that morning. He looked at his watch and got up and put on his beautiful hat.

"I'm going to lunch," he told Miss Jackson on his way through the outer office. "If Peebles or anybody important calls up, tell them I'll be here all afternoon."

"You're not forgetting Mr. Plant's funeral?"

"Oh, that's right. Well, I'll be here from one-thirty to about three."

A head waiter at the Astor bowed to him obsequiously and escorted him to a table near a window, while occupants of other tables gazed spellbound and whispered, "Conrad Green."

A luncheon of clams, sweetbreads, spinach, strawberry ice cream, and small coffee seemed to satisfy him. He signed his check and then tipped his own waiter and the head waiter a dollar apiece.

Joe Martin was waiting when he got back.

"Oh, hello, Joe!" he said, cordially. "Come right inside. I've got something for you."

Martin followed him in and sat down without waiting for an invitation. Green seated himself at his desk and drew out his cigarette case.

"Have one, Joe?"

"Not that kind!" said Martin, lighting one of his own. "You've got rotten taste in everything but gals."

"And librettists," replied Green, smiling. "But here's what I wanted to talk about. I couldn't sleep last night, and I just laid there and an idea came to me for a comedy scene. I'll give you the bare idea and you can work it out. It'll take a girl and one of the comics, and a couple of other men that can play.

"WELL, the idea is that the comic is married to the girl. In the first place, I'd better mention that the comic is crazy about beans. Well, one night the comic—no, wait a minute. The police get word that the comic's wife has been murdered and two policemen come to the comic's apartment to investigate. They examine the corpse and find out she's been shot through the head. They ask the comic if he knows who did it and he says no, but they keep after him, and finally he breaks down and admits that he did it himself.

"But he says, 'Gentlemen, if you'll let me explain the circumstances, I don't believe you'll arrest me.' So they tell him to explain, and he says that he came home from work and he was very hungry and he asked his wife what they were going to have for dinner. So she tells him—clams and sweetbreads and spinach and strawberry ice cream and coffee. So he asks her if she isn't going to have any beans and she says no, and he shoots her. What do you think you could do with that idea?"

"Listen, Connie," said Martin: "You've only got half the scene, and you've got that half wrong. In the second place, it was played a whole season in the Music Box and it was written by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Otherwise I can do a whole lot with it."

"Are you sure you're right?"

"I certainly am!"

"Why, that damn little thief! He told me it was his!"

"Who?" asked Martin.

"Why, that Blair, that tried to butt in here last year. I'll fix him!"

"I thought you said it was your own idea."

"Hell, no! Do you think I'd be stealing stuff, especially if it was a year old?"

"Well," said Martin, "when you get another inspiration like this, give me a ring and I'll come around. Now I've got to hurry up to the old Stadium and see what the old Babe does in the first inning."

"I'm sorry, Joe. I thought it was perfectly all right."

"Never mind! You didn't waste much of my time. But after this you'd better leave the ideas to me. So long!"

"Good-by, Joe; and thanks for coming in."

Martin went and Green pressed the button for Miss Jackson.

"Miss Jackson, don't ever let that young Blair in here again. He's a faker!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

"All right, Mr. Green. But don't you think it's about time you were starting for the funeral? It's twenty minutes of three."

"Yes. Let's see: where is Plant's house?"

"It's up on One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, just off Broadway."

"My God! Imagine living there! Wait a minute, Miss Jackson. Send Lewis here."

"LEWIS," he said, when the new secretary appeared, "I ate something this noon that disagreed with me. I wanted to go up to Plant's funeral, but I really think it would be dangerous to try it. Will you go up there, let them know who you are, and kind of represent me? Miss Jackson will give you the address."

"Yes, sir," said Lewis, and went out.

Almost immediately the sanctum door opened again and the beautiful Marjorie Green, nee Manning, entered unannounced. Green's face registered not altogether pleasant surprise.

"Why, hello, dear!" he said. "I didn't know you were coming to town today."

"I never told you I wasn't," his wife replied.

They exchanged the usual connubial salutations.

"I suppose you noticed," said Mrs. Green, "that our names were not on the list of guests at the party."

"No; I haven't had time to look at the papers. But what's the difference?"

"No difference at all, of course. But do you know what I think? I think we were invited just because those people want to get something out of you, for some benefit or something."

"A fine chance! I hope they try it!"

"However, that's not what I came to talk about."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"I thought maybe you'd remember something."

"What, honey?"

"Why—oh, well, there's no use talking about it if you've forgotten."

Green's forehead wrinkled in deep thought; then suddenly his face brightened. "Of course I haven't forgotten! It's your birthday!"

"You just thought of it now!"

"No such a thing! I've been thinking of it for weeks!"

"I don't believe you! If you had been, you'd have said something, and"—his wife was on the verge of tears—"you'd have given me some little thing, just any little thing."

Once more Green frowned, and once more brightened up.

"I'll prove it to you," he said, and walked rapidly to the safe.

In a moment he had placed in her hands the jewel box from Philadelphia. In another moment she had opened it, gasped at the beauty of its contents, and thrown her arms around his neck.

"Oh, dearest!" she cried. "Can you ever forgive me for doubting you?" She put the pearls to her mouth as if she would eat them. "But haven't you been terribly extravagant?"

"I don't consider anything too extravagant for you."

"You're the best husband a girl ever had!"

"I'm glad you're pleased," said Green.

"Pleased! I'm overwhelmed. And to think I imagined you'd forgotten! But I'm not going to break up your whole day. I know you want to get out to poor old Plant's funeral. So I'll run along. And maybe you'll take me to dinner somewhere tonight."

"I certainly will! You be at the Ambassador about six-thirty and we'll have a little birthday party. But don't you want to leave the pearls here now?"

"I should say not! They're going to stay with me forever! Anyone that tries to take them will do it over my dead body!"

"Well, good-by, then, dear."

"Till half past six."

Green, alone again, kicked shut the door of his safe and returned to his desk, saying in loud tones things which are not ordinarily considered appropriate to the birthday of a loved one. The hubbub ceased at another unannounced entrance, that of a girl even more beautiful than the one who had just gone out. She looked at Green and laughed.

"My God! You look happy!" she said.

"Rose!"

"Yes, it's Rose. But what's the matter with you?"

"I've had a bad day."

"But isn't it better now?"

"I didn't think you were coming till tomorrow."

"But aren't you glad I came today?"

"You bet I am!" said Green. "And if you'll come here and kiss me I'll be all the gladder."

"DON'T you want to leave the pearls here now?" "I should say not! They're going to stay with me forever!"

"No. Let's get our business transacted first."

"What business?"

"You know perfectly well! Last time I saw you you insisted that I must give up everybody else but you. And I promised you it would be all off between Harry and I if—— Well, you know. There was a little matter of some pearls."

"I meant everything I said."

"Well, where are they?"

"They're all bought and all ready for you. But I bought them in Philadelphia and for some damn reason they haven't got here yet."

"Got here yet! Were they so heavy you couldn't bring them with you?"

"Honest, dear, they'll be here day after tomorrow at the latest."

"'Honest' is a good word for you to use! Do you think I'm dumb? Or is it that you're so used to lying that you can't help it?"

"If you'll let me explain——"

"Explain hell! We made a bargain and you haven't kept your end of it. And now——"

"But listen——"

"I'll listen to nothing! You know where to reach me and when you've kept your promise you can call me up. Till then——Well, Harry isn't such bad company."

"Wait a minute, Rose!"

"You've heard all I've got to say. Good-by!"

And she was gone before he could intercept her.

CONRAD GREEN sat as if stunned. For fifteen minutes he was so silent and motionless that one might have thought him dead. Then he shivered as if with cold and said aloud: "I'm not going to worry about them any more. To hell with all of them!"

He drew the telephone to him and took off the receiver.

"Get me Mrs. Bryant-Walker."

And after a pause:

"Is this Mrs. Bryant-Walker? No, I want to speak to her personally. This is Conrad Green. Oh, hello, Mrs. Walker. Your secretary called me up this morning, but we were cut off. She was saying something about a benefit. Why, yes, certainly, I'll be glad to. As many of them as you want. If you'll just leave it all in my hands I'll guarantee you a pretty good entertainment. It's no bother at all. It's a pleasure. Thank you. Good-by."

Lewis came in.

"Well, Lewis, did you get to the funeral?"

"Yes, Mr. Green, and I saw Mrs. Plant and explained the circumstances to her. She said you had always been very kind to her husband. She said that during the week of his illness he talked of you nearly all the time and expressed confidence that if he died you would attend his funeral. So she wished you had been there."

"Good God! So do I!" said Conrad Green.

THE END

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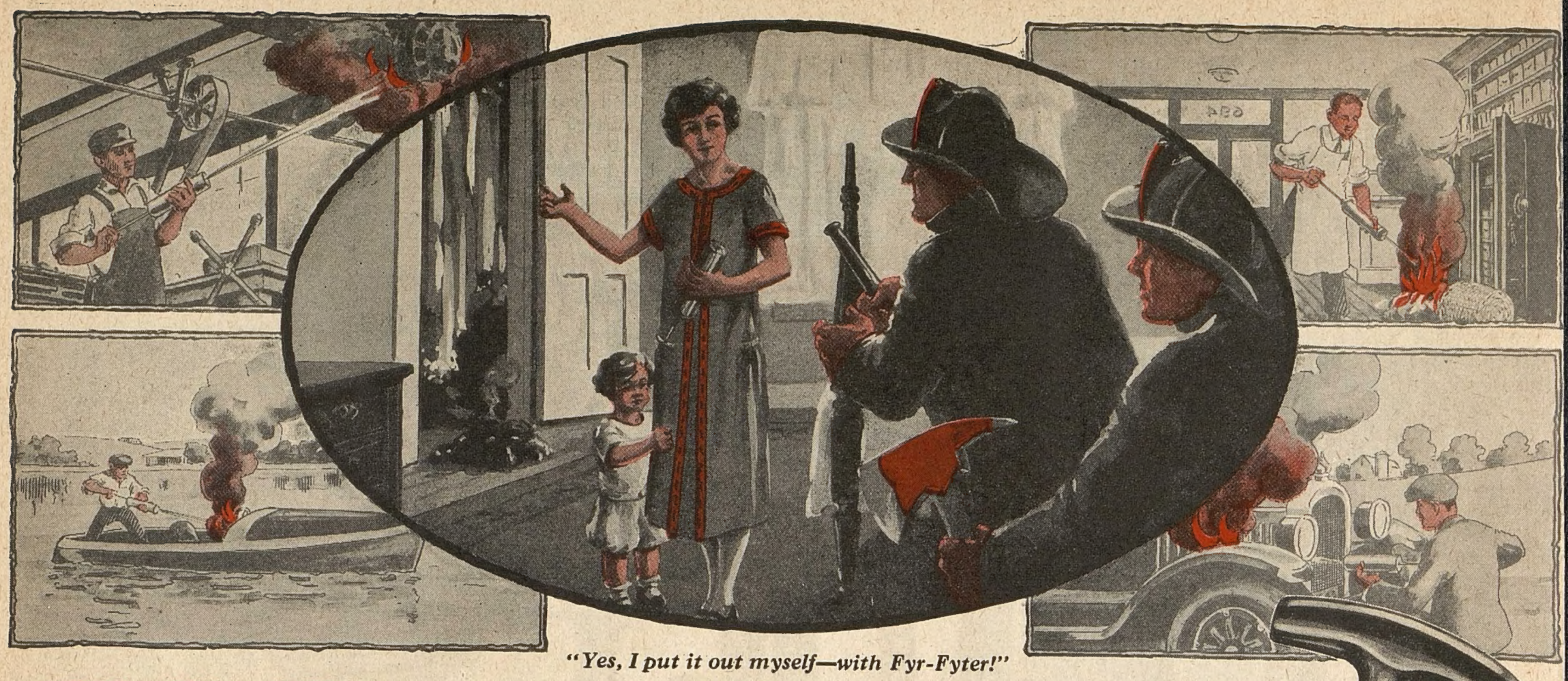

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Fire Prevention Week, Oct. 4 to Oct. 10, 1925

The Man Inside

By Dr. Frank Crane

Picture by HERBERT BOHNERT

Revealing That Hidden Power in All of Us Which Is Both Our Master and Our Slave

THE smartest man in the world is the Man Inside. By the Man Inside I mean that Other Man within each one of us that does most of the things we give ourselves credit for doing. You may refer to him as Nature or the Subconscious Self or think of him merely as a Force or a Natural Law, or, if you are religiously inclined, you may use the term God.

I say he is the smartest man in the world. I know he is infinitely more clever and resourceful than I am or than any other man is that I ever heard of. When I cut my finger it is he that calls up the little phagocytes to come and kill the septic germs that might get into the wound and cause blood poisoning. It is he that coagulates the blood, stops the gash, and weaves the new skin.

I could not do that. I do not even know how he does it. He even does it for babies that know nothing at all; in fact, does it better for them than for me.

No living man knows enough to make toenails grow, but the Man Inside thinks nothing of growing nails and teeth and thousands of hairs all over my body; long hairs on my head and little fuzzy ones over the rest of the surface of the skin.

When I practice on the piano I am simply getting the business of piano playing over from my conscious mind to my subconscious mind: in other words, I am handing the business over to the Man Inside.

I WILL surely fail if I do not take him in hand and control him; yet there is no road to victory except as I follow him.

THERE are several points we should keep in mind in dealing with the Man Inside, and, to begin with, although we should study him and find out all we can about him, we should not meddle with him too much. He likes to be let alone and does his best work when he is not pestered and bothered.

For instance, if you go to listening to your heart and counting your pulse and directing your thoughts to the circulation of your blood, the Man Inside will get peeved, and, the first thing you know, you will have some sort of heart disease. If you constantly tinker with your stomach and devote a great deal of thought to your digestion you will make him neglect his work. You must trust him and let him alone as a general rule.

In the next place, we should understand that, while we cannot directly control his myriad activities, we are responsible for his training to a considerable degree.

He is the man that carries on habits, but it is in our power to make or break these habits. Clever as he is, yet he is in some degree subject to our discipline, so that we have a good deal of responsibility for his acts.

If we make him do a certain thing at a certain hour every day for a number of days, he will learn to do it like a well trained horse and attend to it without any direction from us after a while. Sometimes he goes on doing things in a very amusing way. For instance, if you have been in the habit of winding your watch every night when you take off your vest to go to bed you will find that, if you happen to take off your vest during the day to change your clothes, he will see to it that you will unconsciously wind your watch at that time also.

The connection between your conscious actions and the Man Inside often seems very remote, yet it is none the less certain. If you take a drink of whisky every day for thirty days you will find the Man Inside demanding whisky most imperiously after you have decided to quit.

If you consciously criticize and find fault with one you love for six weeks, the Man Inside will insist that you go on for the next six weeks and forever. It is hard for him to start anything, but, once you have started him, it is hard for him to quit.

When we say that a person has a weak will, what we really mean is that his Man Inside is badly trained. Most people who use dope have plenty of will power, but the trouble is they have developed a tremendously powerful Man Inside who raises all kinds of trouble when the dope is discontinued.

Most of our happiness, however, as well as our struggles and misery, comes from this Man Inside. If we train him in ways of contentment, adjustment, and decision he will go ahead of us like a well trained servant and do for us easily most of the difficult tasks we have to perform. If we have got him into the way of eating simple food, taking normal exercise, working regularly, playing heartily, and not worrying, we shall find that he will go on doing those things without any particular help from us, and that it will be an immense comfort to us.

In homely language we may say that the happiest people in the world are the people who are in the clutch of good habits. In other words, the happiest people in the world are those who have trained their subconscious in the habit of happiness.

I speak of this Inner Man as different from myself and yet he is not. For he is more of myself than I am. When it is said that one man has more personality than another I have often wondered what is meant. What is personality? Is it not really composed of the characteristics of this Inner Man? Is it not something that is in me and of me and yet something over which I have no direct control?

For we know very well that there is no use trying to have personality. We have it in spite of ourselves. We say that such a woman is charming. We do not always mean that she is pretty, but rather that she has a certain allurement.

WHAT is charm? It is not the appearance of the eyes but something that looks out through them. It is not what we say and do so much as it is something that is behind that. A charming nature is an Inner Man that has been fed on beautiful and pleasing thoughts and emotions. And likewise an ugly person is one in whom a churlish, selfish, and disagreeable Inner Man cannot be concealed by any sort of politeness, suavity or effort to please.

In studying this Inner Man, therefore, we are confronted by all manner of contradictions. I find I must train him and develop him, for all of my success and efficiency depend upon his abilities and yet I find that I must also know how to let him alone, and that if I meddle with him too much, I fall into all sorts of morbidities.

On the one hand I am responsible for him. I am to blame for his wrongs and I take credit for the worthy things he does; yet, on the other hand, it is he that is responsible for me and I am about what he makes me.

While I attain proficiency by training him and depending upon him, at the same time those who depend entirely upon him and make no effort to do anything but what he desires become weaklings.

In some respects he seems to be my child and in other respects my father. Now he is my pupil and again he is my master. I will surely fail if I do not take him in hand and control him; yet there is no road to victory and poise and skill except as I follow him. Whatever learning or goodness or skill or character I possess belongs to him.

He is my best friend; he is my greatest enemy. There is no escape from him. We are linked and locked by Fate. Through him I must work out my destiny.

THE END

Mistakes Made in Romance

An Essay on the Reasons Why Young Women Give Young Men the Gate; and the Greatest of These, by the Way, Is Stinginess!

By BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY RAMSEY

Another damning trait in a fiance is stinginess. The best asking, "Waiter! What's

ALMOST every man has been turned down by some girl. Almost every attractive girl has broken off one or more engagements, or extricated herself from what is known as "an understanding." The reasons she gives are rarely the true ones. For example, if she feels she can love better a rival who is more presentable and a better dancer she will write to her first love a letter reiterating that she is "not good enough for him," or she goes on to say:

"I think you're wonderful and everything, and a perfect peach in every way. But I don't know . . . I just don't seem to feel like settling down. I'm fickle and rather wild, Fred, and then I suppose it's the bit of Irish in me, but I have such a love of the romantic and beautiful in life. That's not a very nice thing to have to say about oneself, but I feel that it is only fair to tell you. For instance, you know how everyone tells me I ought to go on the stage. Well, Fred, I simply can't get a career out of my head, like going on the stage or taking a secretarial course like Mabel Brown."

Then she ends the letter by saying that she is sure they will be much happier if they will always be "just pals." And when, a few months later, she marries the boy who can do the Charleston, she writes to her broken-hearted lover that she "hopes it will make no difference in their friendship."

Of course the reasons she gave in her letter are not the real ones. In the interest of finding out the true reasons for ditching a beau this article is written. Innumerable girls have been interviewed. The investigating has been painstaking. There may, herein, be many a painful revelation to the youths who have lost.

For example. One boy may believe he lost his girl because he was so dissipated, because he drank and was such a roisterer. It may have been because he wore his fingernails too long. Another may shake his head sadly over the fact that the girl he wanted to marry was a prude and a born old maid. Perhaps his love making made her sick.

This much must be said. In the early twenties girls rarely jilt because they want money. To them every youth is a potential millionaire.

Now for the true reasons. Here is one of the foremost. Boys between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five are usually less grown up than girls of the same age. The girls are farther advanced in learning and in tastes. The bright girls have aspirations to be cultivated, if not even erudite. But their young admirers are still boyishly interested in football, track records, and such things. The young athlete is adored until his girl begins to get letters from him.

Here is the testimony of one girl:

"I was a sophomore in college and a crack theme writer and had had an eight-line poem published in a New York newspaper. It is true the poem ended 'sunset and YOU.' But to show you how learned I was, I made it a point always to be seen with a volume of Keats in my hand.

"That summer I became engaged to a big blond football player aged twenty-one. Gee, but he was nice! I never loved anyone so in all my life.

"Then I went back to school and began to get letters from him. He spelled 'ambitious' 'ambious,' and 'nervous' 'nervious.' Then he wrote 'I am a man of many moods and tenses.' When he finally wrote 'absents makes the hart grow fonder,' that was just too much, and I broke it off."

You see, when a girl is in the moonlight with a big, good-looking but illiterate boy of twenty-one or two, his limited vocabulary and his fourteen-year-old phrases are transfigured by the scene and the emotion into eloquence and poetry. But when he writes a letter! There it is in black and white—the awful spelling and the limited ideas! These cannot be day-dreamed away. The illusion is no longer possible.

Of course these immature youths often grow up to be intelligent and able men. As a matter of fact, many girls have turned down such a cub only to make an awful marriage with some no-account whose letters are ardent and literary.

Another reason. Many boys have lost because they were too bashful. Some live wire has cut in. And it is a pity. For bashful young men are almost always the best ones. Bashfulness goes with modesty and unselfishness. But to a young and spirited girl he seems only to be a dead one. Some pushing Lothario cuts him out—one who sends flowers, telegrams, special delivery letters; who begins early in the acquaintance to make very active love.

A YOUNG man, quiet and unassuming, was in love with a girl. At length he got up his courage to propose to her. But she apparently refused him. For they never married each other nor did they marry anyone else. Years later someone asked the woman why she had never married John X., since he was such a fine man and had been so much in love with her. Then it came out. She, unfortunately, was equally bashful and retiring.

"When he asked me to marry him," she said, "I thought the only polite thing to do was to give him a chance to get out of it. So I said, 'Oh, you don't want to marry me,' and so on. But you see I assumed that if he wanted

way to discover his true meanness is at restaurants. When the check is brought to him he examines it with utmost caution, this?" consulting the menu again for the exact price.

me he would be back the next day to ask me again. But he never came back."

So this ought to be a lesson to bashful and over-considerate boys. If you are bashful and in love with a girl—act, act! Step forward; telephone her; write; insist upon seeing her. Ask her every day for six months to marry you. Don't be non-resistant and let her slide. Otherwise you will surely lose her.

Some men are jilted for this reason: Having become engaged to a lively girl, they immediately try to make her into the sort of wife that they can wholly approve of. Here is an instance:

A man fell in love with a girl who used a lot of paint, in the way girls do, and smoked cigarettes, and who in conversation had a very vivacious line. That is, she never used the pronouns "he," "she," or "it," but substituted for them "this baby" and "this bimbo" and "that big mama." Her favorite ejaculation was "Hot cow!"

This young man was fascinated by her and did not rest until she had promised to marry him. Then, with relentless patience and doggedness, he began his reformation. She ought not to wear such short skirts. He didn't like to see women smoke. Short hair was all right when a woman was young, but for an older married woman—it looked as though she were trying to be kittenish. As for rouge and lipsticks, nothing, he thought, was so lovely as a sweet, wholesome, girlish face unenhanced by these. He didn't want her to drink, because he never liked to see a woman drink—"Oh, maybe a little light wines and beer." As for her slang, she *must* tone that down, as it would simply kill his mother.

This gay girl was flattered at first by all this protecting, masterful solicitude, and by his idealization of Woman in general. But at length she became so dispirited and repressed under the strain of being his Ideal Woman that she broke it off. Fortunately for her.

IN fact, some men, as soon as they are engaged, become suddenly so domestic and home-loving in their tastes that their girls become depressed and frightened by it. Such men suddenly find social life froth. They say to their darlings who suggest timidly it would be nice to go to a certain grand all-night rowdy masquerade ball, "No; because I'd much rather just come over and spend the evening with you. I'll bring some cigars and we'll make a rarebit." The "we," as she knows, is editorial. It means she will make the rarebit.

Now a girl married to such a man, and there are a lot of them (for I am convinced men are the home-loving sex; in fact, almost always men marry "for a home"), if she is wise, takes warning. She begins to see his mental picture of marriage: a little wife at home scrubbing linoleum and mending his socks, always with a song on her lips. Then, when he comes home tired at night, she will have cooked a good dinner and she will listen with anxious solicitude to his problems of the day. She will be a wonderful little housekeeper and do things as his mother did things. Besides, as some men often make the mistake to say, he will be in much better shape physically when he has a home and home cooking. Such men, provided the engagement is allowed to run for a long enough spell, are apt to be jilted by spirited and romantic girls.

Another damning trait in a fiance is stinginess. It takes some time to detect this, for a tight man is apt, in the first place, to be rich rather than poor. He wears excellent clothes; takes taxis with a high hand; gives adequately expensive candy and flowers. But his generosity is only conventional.

The best way to discover his true meanness is at restaurants, for there he bullies waiters and quarrels over the service. When the check is finally brought to him he examines it with utmost caution, getting out his pencil, adding and subtracting, asking, "Waiter! What's this?" consulting the menu again for the exact price. And then, when this ordeal is over, he leaves such a small tip that the girl, as she leaves the place, has the uncomfortable feeling that she may be beaned with it.

A tight man can almost always be cut out by an extravagant and easy-going one; by a penniless youth who spends all his money by taking a girl to a dance in a taxi and then has to borrow a dime from a policeman in order to get her home on the street car.

Jealousy in a young man can be so oppressive that the girl escapes. At first it is flattering, even moving. But it may lead to such perpetual hot water that the girl cannot stand it any longer.

In an argument with a jealous man you never win. It is like this:

You are at a dance with the man you are going to marry. Another man asks you to dance. You cannot refuse, for you have good manners. But all the time you are dancing your mental state is exceedingly painful, because you realize your true love is rigid and suffering. Dire things are going to happen.

Then, when you return to the side of the man you are going to marry, he is hard-faced and cold, white around the mouth. He remains so for several hours. Then the scene

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

"About eighteen months ago I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks I found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

Mrs. F. R. Conner, Florence, Ky.

"I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short: I am fighting fit in every way. Overwork does not bother me. My endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it."

Walt Marsh, Belleville, Ill.

A Story Told by Thousands

How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth—through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

Left

"On september 12, 1924, I responded to the call of the War Department and found I was one of the many unfit, physically. At dinner I nibbled at my food, was nervous and irritated. When in other cities officiating at football games I was ashamed to take a shower in the same room with other officials because my back was broken out. My skin was sallow, I was not well; besides, I lacked optimism. Then I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. The results were remarkable. My appetite became normal, all traces of eruptions on my back disappeared, and I feel like a new man. It is a pleasure now to associate with other men in the locker room or club."

Coach William B. Morgan, Senior High School, Sauk Center, Minn.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

"This spring, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I read this definition by a physician: 'Yeast is an antiseptic and is effective in all diseases in which there is threatened putridity.' I began taking one cake in warm water before breakfast and at bedtime. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. Continuing the treatment, I gained daily in vigor. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth; so I shall continue to drink my yeast."

Mrs. Carrie M. Crema, Philadelphia, Pa.

"This spring, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion. And now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

Miss Jenny Chartrand, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

"THAT man," he says in a low, tense voice, "is in love with you."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

breaks and there follows an argument. *Non sequitur* after *non sequitur*. You haven't a chance.

"That man," he says in a low, tense voice, "is in love with you."

"He is not. He's married to a beautiful wife, whom he adores."

"He is. I could tell from the way he danced with you."

"Well, even if he is in love with me, what of it? The point is, I don't love him."

"Aha! You admit it. He IS in love with you."

"I didn't admit it."

"But you just said he was."

"I did not. I said he is a remarkably nice man whose devotion to his wife is wonderful—the least flirtatious man I have ever known."

"So you love him, too! That's the last straw. Now I know you don't give a whoop for *me*. Otherwise you couldn't say such cruel things."

A sympathetic girl who is upset by seeing her lover so tormented finds herself compelled to avoid the world, to keep her eyes lowered, to be curt and disagreeable to all other men, since, if she is reasonably polite, the man she is in love with will go through hell. This may become so oppressive she will have to ease out of her engagement, one way or another.

Some girls can't say no. Consequently they are apt to be engaged to two or three men at the same time. Since marrying all of them is an impossibility, of course jiltings are inevitable.

In fact, I have known personally more than one girl who is so kind she cannot refuse a proposal. It comes about this way. Their instincts make them helpful and encouraging to everybody. A young admirer says he wishes he were not so homely.

"But Bill," says the helpful girl, "you aren't homely at all. You've got wonderful color, and I think a long upper lip is charming. Besides, men's taste in handsome men is entirely different from a woman's taste. Men think a handsome man is handsome only if he has thin, sharp features and long eyelashes, like a male beauty in the movies. But, my Lord, that kind of looks gives me the pip."

AFTER this, and more of it, the young man begins to feel that he is attractive to her, and he becomes more ardent and persistent. Then he asks her to marry him. Well, by that time she has gone so far in cracking him up to himself that to refuse him would seem not only inconsistent but cruel. So she says:

"Gee, that's nice of you. I don't want to be married for a long time, but perhaps sometime we could be." He takes it to mean he has been accepted. Now this kind of a girl causes a lot of bitter disappointment and anguish in the world. In fact, her eventual wedding is apt to be attended by many a sobbing drunk and by wild-eyed and maddened youths whose sawed-off shotguns have to be wrested from them.

Sometimes a girl observes before it is too late that when her handsome, compelling fiance is not making love to her, her conversation with him runs like this:

"I guess I'll buy an ensemble suit," she says.

"I went around in two strokes above par today," he says.

"I saw a lulu of an ensemble today trimmed with civet cat, for two hundred dollars. But I think it's really cheaper to get something good," she says.

"Pudge Johnson," he says, "got a ninety-five. Gosh, he was wild."

"Some decent looking clothes will cheer me up," she says.

"But back at the clubhouse I made him cough up twenty beans. I bet he went out and bit himself in the arm like a rattlesnake," he says.

But as far as that goes, such a conversation is rarely the cause for a bustup. Few girls come to a full realization of the exquisite ennui of all this until years after marriage.

Of course, there are almost as many reasons for jilting a man as there are jilted men. But there is space to enumerate only a few. One girl said it was because she saw her love in a bathing suit. He looked like a hat tree. Another because his nostrils quivered when he said "Pass the gravy." Another because he rolled a cigar in his mouth. Another because she couldn't stand the way he ate ice cream cones, since he licked the edges as the pink stuff melted. Another because he shut his eyes when he danced. Another because he had led her to believe that he was such a screaming comedian that Frank Tinney, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, *et al.*, were all in cahoots to keep him out of vaudeville. He was eager to have her see him do his stuff in the annual show of the Rudolph Bleibe Post of the American Legion. And she saw him.

And so it goes *ad infinitum*.

THE END

DEACON BILL SMITH

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

A Tale of a Backwoods Pacifist and the Terrific Fight He Made for a Woman

WITHOUT the knife it would have been a fair fight. Smith knew that if he were once cornered only luck could save him.

THROUGH the young trunks Deacon Bill Smith caught a flash of red that was not from the leaves of any tree. On top of a gray, moss-patched boulder sat a girl in a crimson dress. She was as vivid as the frost-colored leaves and as delicate as one of the young birches.

Deacon Bill's feet took him in a straight line toward that boulder. He looked up into startled brown eyes, flecked with little touches of gold, and he shivered inwardly. Something was happening to him. Now he realized that he had always had an idea of what a girl ought to be. This one was it.

"Well?" she said, coldly.

"Hello!" he said, and grinned.

"What do you want?" Her voice was rich and low, like a quietly flowing brook.

"Why . . . nothing!" he said, a little confusedly. "I just wanted to . . . to look at you!"

"So that's nothing, is it?" She smiled, with a dimple in one cheek.

"I never saw anything as pretty as you are!" he told her, fervently.

"Of all the fast workers! And we call 'em hicks!"

"That's what made me act so funny. The minute I saw you I forgot everything except wanting to look some more!"

"You'll get on! Do you live around here, buddy?"

"Of course! Can't you tell a backwoodsman when you see him? My name's Bill Smith. They call me Deacon sometimes. I've got a little place on the back road."

The girl studied him in thoughtful silence for a moment. She had become wrapped in a kind of coldness at his explanation of himself, and when she spoke again there was distance in her voice.

"Pious, I suppose? What church, Deacon?"

"Oh!" He grinned again. "It's a nickname, like Tenpenny Blood. He got drunk and bet a hundred he could bite the head off a tenpenny nail. That's how he got his."

"You know Tenpenny Blood?"

"Sure! I know everybody that's lived around Crowquill in the last twenty-five years."

"Tenpenny's quite a fellow." She was inviting comment from him, feeling him out. He wondered what for. However, Bill was always willing to say anything he thought.

"He is quite a feller! Looks more like a pirate than the pictures of 'em. I told him so once, and he liked it!"

"He would!" she laughed.

"I want to see you some more," he said, simply, and without smiling. "I want to see you all I can now and as much more as possible. No limit, and I mean what I say!"

She laughed, with a flat sound.

"I'll think it over later on, Deacon, and right now we'd better think about something else!" She lifted her hand toward the half-naked branches of a beech tree. "Let's see how good a shot you are! Bring down that chipmunk for me!"

Smith had followed her glance. A chipmunk sat with his tail curled along his back and watched them with steady, bright eyes. Automatically the Deacon threw a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his rifle, but he let the hammer down to half cock. He fiddled with the trigger guard, and felt that he was blushing.

"I'll shoot off that twig ahead of him," he said, "but . . . you see . . . I don't like to hurt animals unless I have to!"

"What!" she exclaimed. "You mean to say you aren't hunting . . . don't hunt at all?"

"Nope!" The Deacon had suffered for years from the gibes of his fellow men; but after he had shot his first deer and looked down into its eyes as it died he had given up.

"What in the world do you carry that gun for?"

"I like guns. Next to dogs. Besides, it's a good excuse for fooling around in the woods."

"I didn't know they grew like this!" she murmured. Suddenly she became alert, listening and peering into the woods. "You're due for a shock, buddy! Here comes my husband!"

FOUR words between the eyes. In the past Deacon Bill had had an occasional fight forced upon him, but he had never taken a wallop that blinded him, set him back on his heels, like this one. Through a mist he saw a human form come crashing toward them with more speed than seemed necessary.

His vision steadied. A thickset, able-bodied man it was; with a prominent jaw and an overhanging brow. Ice-blue eyes were fastened upon the Deacon, and the hickory club that the man carried twitched in big fingers. Smith knew this man. He had been away from Crowquill for ten years or more, but he was Chug Gilroy, or his double; bully, petty thief.

"Look out for him!" whispered the girl, without moving her lips. "He's been in the ring . . . prize fighter! He wrecked Tenpenny in a fight a week ago!"

"Hello, Chug!" said Smith, quietly. "Don't remember me, do you?"

Gilroy stopped his menacing advance, to study first the face of his wife and then the Deacon. His scowl lightened somewhat, but he was still far from pleasantly disposed.

"Uh! Deacon Bill!" with a trace of a sneer. "Tess falling for you the way the girls always used to?"

"Ha!" laughed Mrs. Gilroy. "So the girls fall for him, do they?"

"Not very much, I guess," grinned Bill. "I didn't know this lady was your wife, Chug, nor that you'd come back to Crowquill. Just met her here a few minutes ago."

Chug Gilroy seemed to be satisfied, although jealousy had been coming out of him like a black fog half a minute before. He looked the Deacon up and down and the slit that served him for a mouth widened.

"Yeh! I come back and opened up the old

Pictures by
ROBERT W. STEWART

road house over on the lake shore. Ever take a drink, Bill?"

"Sometimes," replied Smith.

"You don't mean to say you drink, smoke, swear, and chew tobacco like other folks, do you?" mocked the girl. "Why, Deacon! You'll be real wicked the first thing you know!"

"Don't scare him, Tess!" Gilroy gargled a laugh and Deacon Bill smiled. She was doing that, he guessed, for the effect upon her husband. Yes, she wanted Chug to think that she was making fun of Bill Smith.

"It's only women I'm afraid of, Chug!"

"Well, come over tomorrow sure," said Gilroy. "I got a job for another man, see? And they's good money in it. How about it?"

"I'll go talk it over, anyway." Deacon Bill was wary. He did not think he wanted any job Chug Gilroy would have for him. "You can look for me tomorrow."

"Don't forget, Deke! We'll have some fun with you!" Tess swung herself down from the rock and began to move away at the side of Gilroy, who had started off.

Deacon Bill stood motionless, watching the girl. A dozen feet away she turned from the hips and for one swift moment looked back at him with unmasked face. Unutterable sadness, yearning, doubt; then he saw only the black head carried proudly above the crimson dress.

II.

THE next day Deacon Bill Smith went to the road house. He knew it would have been better not to go, for every reason, but he could not hold himself back. All night he had thought about that flaming girl, and himself, and the muddy soul of the brute who had married her. No reasoning turned him. Something stronger than his will pulled him on.

The road house was an old building that had been a tavern in the days of charcoal iron making along the lake. It hung above the lake between road and the edge of a cliff that fell sheer to the beach of a narrow cove. A good place for Gilroy, whether he brought his stuff down from Canada by boat or truck.

Smith thought there was no one about the building when he went from the battered porch into a silent and empty room. Then a swinging door moved silently and Bill Smith knew that it was she who was coming into the room. She looked at him steadily, without expression, as she came threading among the tables.

"I'm glad you've got here early," she said. "They went down to the village in one of the cars and they haven't got back yet. Maybe they won't come before dark. You'll be away from here by that time."

"I don't know that I will," Bill heard himself saying. "No, I'm not so sure about that."

She sat down at a table and with a slight gesture invited him to another chair. He was embarrassed, a little, but the fascination of yesterday swept over him, greater than any other feeling.

"Do you want a drink?" she asked.

"Why, not now," said the Deacon. "I'd rather talk to you. Maybe I'll have one later on with the boys."

"You'll be gone when they come."

"What makes you keep saying that? Don't you remember Chug asked me to see him about a job?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want me here?"

A FLICKER of something in her gaze at that last question. Her slim, beautiful hands lay crossed upon the table; her voice was as quiet as twilight. What a woman!

"Do you know what Chug wants, Bill?"

"I can make a guess. Most likely he's running hooch, as well as selling it. I guess the job he spoke about would be driving a motor boat or a truck."

"What about it, Deacon?"

"I'll tell you the truth. I'm too peaceful and happy the way I am to start bootlegging. Anyway, I wouldn't work for Chug. He never was a man I'd trust to give me a square deal, and I don't believe he is now!"

"Right!" She drew a deep breath, as though Smith had said something that relieved her mind. "He and Jim Dole and Tenpenny are in together. Do you know Dole?"

"Jim Dole?" cried Bill. "That's enough! He always made me think of one of those big snakes you read about, the kind that can crush a man to death and enjoy it!"

"You've got his number, I guess," she meditated. "Chug has hired Dole for work that the stomach of an ordinary man won't stand. There's more than hooch in this business. Chinks and dope, Bill. And it's better to have a Chinaman at the bottom of Lake Champlain with a rock tied to his feet than to have him found on your boat. You understand? Chug has got a yellow streak. He'd have to get full of coke to do a thing like that.

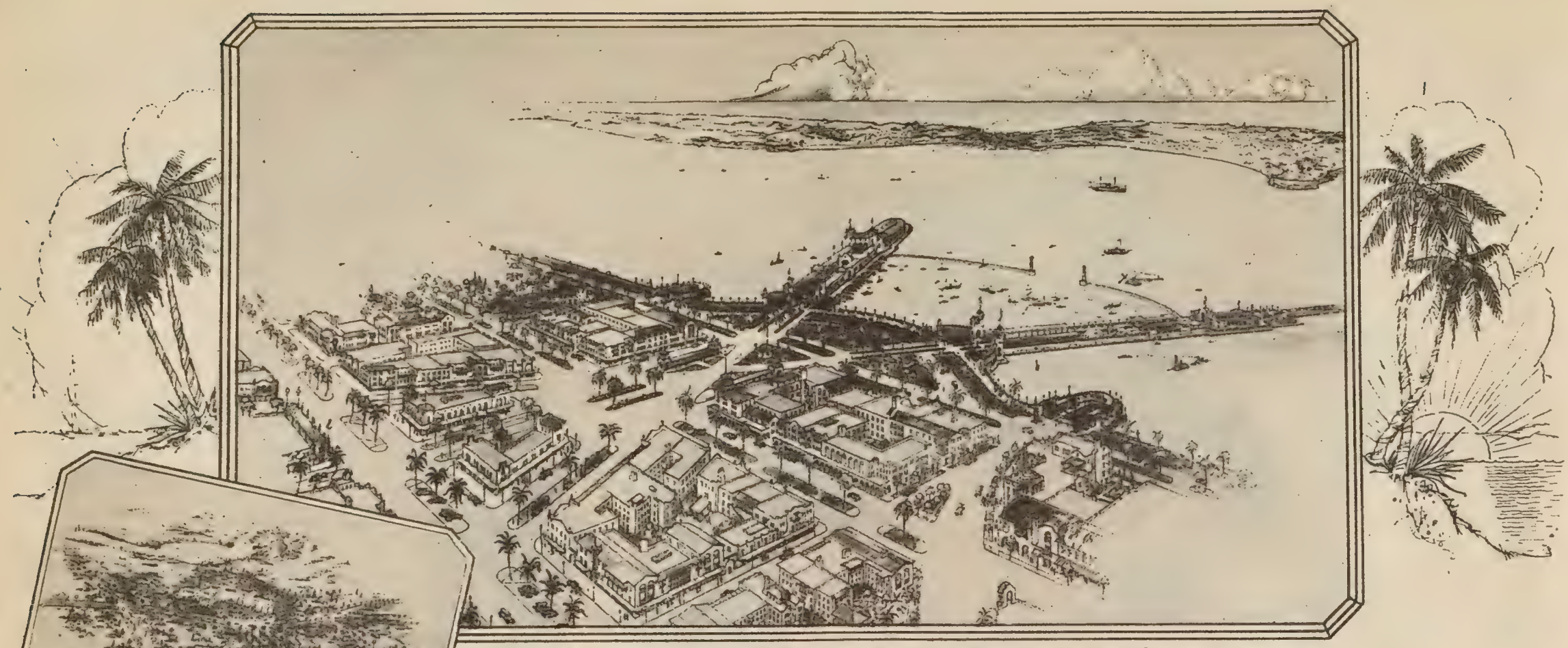
"Chug is trying to double cross Tenpenny. Ditch him and take the good end of a big job that's on tonight. I told you he beat Tenpenny up. They hate each other, for more reasons than one. Blood has got the brains and Chug the punch. I don't know why Chug wants you in, but keep out, unless you're as crooked as they are. Now, Deacon Bill Smith, you know why I said you wouldn't be here when they got back!"

"I didn't intend to go in with them," said Deacon Bill, thoughtfully. "No, I'd made up my mind not to. But now . . . well . . . maybe I'm a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"If I stuck around here I'd have a chance

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]



Indrio's proposed waterfront, showing the Indian River and beyond it the Atlantic Ocean

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The proposed hotel, with an 18-hole golf course in the background

The Oval Basin, Indrio's proposed salt water bathing casino

A suggested apartment building between the business and residential section

A suggested Indrio home of Mediterranean architecture

One of the numerous plazas which will add to the beauty of Indrio

Suggested treatment of a business street in Indrio

The proposed Indrio station of the Florida East Coast Railway

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

to look at you once in a while!" he blurted.

"Oh!" Her eyes deepened and glowed. "To . . . see me?"

Deacon Bill Smith shook himself and sat up straight in his chair. His jaws shut together and he looked straight into the lambent brown eyes that were making him drunk.

"You're another man's wife," he said. "I . . . I'm sorry you're married!"

She smiled, and he knew that it was a smile of satisfaction.

"I let Chug marry me when I was broke in New York and too sick to get a job. It was that, or worse. Or the river. I didn't know him then. He was boxing, and most boxers are decent men. Chug is scum, but he fooled me at first."

NOW like a revelation came to Deacon Bill understanding of that look which he had seen in her eyes when she sat on the boulder; that look of the mare that had bitten him. He had found out afterward that the mare had been abused when she was a colt. Beaten with a club. Tess Gilroy had learned to bite because she had been hurt.

"Leave him!" barked Bill. "You've got a right to——"

"I've tried that!" She flung back a mass of curls. Close to the roots of the hair a red scar ran from the center of her forehead down to the temple. She laughed with a sound like the clatter of crockery. "See what I got for trying to leave him!"

"There's law!" Deacon Bill trembled so that his clenched fists thumped against the table. "You go over to the county seat this afternoon! I know the sheriff, and——"

Tess stopped him with a bitterly smiling shake of her head. She leaned back, and her hands dropped to her lap.

"It wouldn't work!"

"They'll arrest him if he bothers you! You can get a divorce! And after that . . . Tess . . . I . . . you . . . you can get married again!"

"You like me that much? You'd marry . . . a stranger?"

"Tess! I've known you always!"

"Help me, then," she said. "I can plan better than you. We'll frame him. Get him alone in the woods, with that gun of yours. Tie him up, and we'll get a twenty-four hour start. He'll never find us. Your plan is dumb, Bill. After he'd half killed one or both of us what good would it do to put him in jail? I'm afraid!"

Deacon Bill Smith walked to the nearest window. He stared out along the dirt road without seeing it.

"Tess," he said, when he turned toward her again, "I never did run from anything yet. I'm going to face it out!"

She shrugged, and her shoulders sagged.

"I might have known. No chance. He'll cripple you. Kill you, if he sniffs enough coke!"

"Maybe I can take care of myself," said Bill. "What's the use of talking? He was a tiger in the ring!"

Her head went down to the table; she hid her face in her arms. Bill choked. He touched her hair with shaking fingers.

"I'll take care of both of us, Tess!"

"I'LL shoot off that twig ahead of him, but . . . you see . . . I don't like to hurt animals unless I have to!"

She straightened up, flaming at him.

"Oh, you're soft! I don't want a soft man!" She struck away the arm of Deacon Bill. "Tenpenny Blood would like to have your chance! Bah! Go away from me! I hate you!"

"Tenpenny Blood?" echoed Bill. "Tess——"

"Don't 'Tess' me! Yes, Tenpenny! Chug is ready to croak him! And to think I never would fall for anybody until I saw you! A perfect dumb-bell! You! You think you're a husky! Chug will splinter you! You can't kill a chipmunk and you're fool enough to face a heavyweight that's kicked good men all over the ring! Get out! I never want to see you again! When you look at me you can't keep anything out of your face! Chug will get wise in ten minutes! I've stood enough! I can't see you hurt! Oh . . . Bill!"

Until she ran down Deacon Bill stood with his fingers locked behind his back and his back and his head bowed. Her words battered his ears, but he gave little heed to them. He wanted to get her safely away from the road house and have it out with Chug Gilroy later. In a minute he would try to persuade her. He took a turn up and down the room. As he passed a window he stopped, and went cold at what he saw.

"Tess," he said, "brace up! They're coming along the road!"

"Go!" she cried, hysterically. "Try for the woods!"

"I won't leave you ever again, Tess," he said, gently. "I . . . I love you!"

"Oh, God!" She ran to him. Her arms went around his neck and she looked up at him from the living depths of her eyes. "Kiss me once, Bill! You and I won't be alive tomorrow!"

For a short moment he lost himself. Then he put her away and they were sitting at a table when the others came through the doorway.

III.

CHUG GILROY was first into the room. At sight of Smith his feet hesitated. Scowling, he searched the faces of the two at the table. Then he came on without haste, and the others followed him.

"Hello, Deacon!" he grunted. "You know Dole and Tenpenny."

Dole nodded. An enormous, doughy man; with a head like an egg, small end up. Sparse, brassy hair, and no eyebrows. There was something unhuman about the oval smoothness of his face; eyes set flush with the surface, and a little lump of a nose. He looked like a cloth doll with the features penciled on faintly. He was quiet and sinister, and admittedly the strongest man in the Crowquill neighborhood.

That Tenpenny Blood was there was almost a relief to Bill Smith, although Blood counted as an enemy. At least he was a man, not a monster, and understandable. Under beady eyes and a hooked nose he wore his bristling black mustache with fiercely curled ends. He never took a step without a swagger, and he was one of those rare boasters who live up to what they say. Already his ruthlessness had cost him a term in prison.

"Hello, Deacon Bill!" he boomed. "Chug got him a regular girl while he was gone, didn't he?"

"Aw, cut it out!" snarled Gilroy, over his shoulder. "Don't get me any madder than I am!"

Dole slumped into a creaking chair at one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

of the tables and said nothing, but his gaze fastened upon Tess and Bill Smith.

"Licker!" demanded Tenpenny, with a hitch of his corduroys. "Plenty of it, Chug! Trying to argue a few dollars out of a tightwad like you is the driest work I ever done!"

"Lay off that talk or I'll nail you on the jaw!" snapped Gilroy. "Get up and get 'em a drink, Tess, or I'll give you something to make you move! What's the matter with the Deacon, there? On the wagon?"

"No," replied Bill. "I thought I'd wait and have a drink with you."

"Huh! Got here early, didn't you?"

"You didn't say when to come."

"Quit picking on the Deacon!" laughed Tenpenny, provokingly. "You can't stop him from making eyes at your wife! If he ain't sweet on her he's a damn fool! I am, and she knows it!"

"I tell you to cut out that talk, you walrus!" ripped Gilroy. "They's enough between you and me now, over the work tonight!"

"Sure!" Tenpenny haw-hawed. "You're mad, ain't you? Well, you'll come through or the job ain't done! You hear me!"

Gilroy dropped into a crouch; then he thought better of it and sank to a chair, growling. Tess, who had not spoken since the coming of the three, brought glasses and bottles. She served the men and sat down alone, with nervous fingers around a glass of ginger ale. The color had gone from her cheeks.

The room was on the edge of trouble, and slipping. Five of them, each at a table alone, watching each other.

BILL SMITH could feel the tension of hatred and he knew that death was not far from that place. It was when he thought of Tess that fear took hold of him and threatened to unstring his knees. He could die fighting, if need be, but she would belong to one of them if he went down.

There was a little hope in the fact that Tenpenny and Chug were drawing on toward a clash. It was impossible to tell how Dole stood about anything, except that it was for evil. A free-for-all fight would help. Tess might be got out of the house under cover of a battle royal.

Tenpenny sipped his drinks and watched Chug, with an upward lift of one side of his mustache and an occasional glittering wink at the Deacon. Those two were waiting, each for the other to make the first move. A deadlock over the job coming on that night.

Gilroy tossed down his drinks and finished what was in the bottle before him.

"We gotta work, Chug," said Dole, gutterally. "Lay off the hooch!"

"Shut up!" Gilroy turned and sneered at his wife. "Stop mooning at the Deacon and get me another bottle of rye!"

Tess quivered; she had been looking at Bill. It was necessary for her to pass his chair on her way to the kitchen and she yielded to an impulse foolish to the point of madness; although undoubtedly in the belief that she would not be seen. Her fingers brushed his sleeve in a light but unmistakable caress.

A glass crashed against the wall. Chug Gilroy was on his feet, his face working with such fury that for a moment he could not speak. He kicked his chair across the room.

"Say, Smith! Know what I was going to do to you if I'd given you that job?"

THE end was coming. Tess had shrunk against the wall. Bill pushed his chair back so that he could watch the other two men without neglecting Gilroy.

"No," he said, in a low voice.

"I was going to make a fall guy of you, you boob! Keep you for the hoosegow if they made a pinch! But I don't want you around here! Beat it, you big bum, before I cave you in!"

The end had come. Deacon Bill steadied himself inwardly and flashed one glance at the hollow-eyed face of Tess. He saw her fingers go white as they gripped the edge of a table. Then he looked into the half-shut eyes of Gilroy and smiled.

"Chug," he said, "it looks as though you and me couldn't have peace. So you better take the truth between the eyes. Tess has got done with you. She goes out of here before I do or else I'll go feet first. Take it or leave it!"

The silence was so nearly complete that Bill could hear the gasping breath of Tess. For a few seconds Gilroy stood, swaying and stunned by astonishment. Then Tenpenny chuckled and Chug found his voice.

"You—why, say! I'll show you something! I'll fix her so she won't never pick up with another man and then what I'll do to you ain't fit to talk about!"

Gilroy leaped, catlike, and caught Tess by the throat. Deacon Bill was at him before his fingers could close, or his free arm strike. The Deacon had never had on a pair of boxing gloves, but he had wintered twice in the lumber woods. His fingers raked Chug's head back by nose and eyes and with a knee driven upward he sent him thundering against the wall.

Insane with rage and humiliation, he came back at Smith. Bill put up his hands, but they might as well not have been there. Chug beat a tattoo against his face and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Peace of mind

. . . *through coupons*

THE people who are financially able to enjoy ease and comfort are usually those who have been careful in making investments — careful to include in their holdings a diversified group of well-secured bonds. From our broad lists of such bonds you can select issues of various types, yields and maturities. Each issue carries our recommendation as a desirable investment in its class.

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Being in complete sympathy with the forward-looking plan of Liberty to reward heroism in civil life, is offering One Thousand Dollars in the following manner.

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Of the twelve national heroes first featured in the Liberty series, the one chosen by Liberty's readers as the "hero of heroes," will receive from the Zonite Products Company One Thousand Dollars in gold.

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There have been before this many voting contests. There have been many popularly-chosen heroes of the stage and screen.

But *this* is an opportunity for the American public to express its appreciation and admiration for a *real life* hero—an opportunity for unselfish service that may never be repeated.

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Zonite—a product born of the World War, when love of country spurred men on to deeds of untold valor—plays its part no less in time of peace. This great antiseptic, powerful but non-poisonous, is used in hospitals throughout the length and breadth of the land, and is a veritable angel of mercy in the form of First Aid.

The Zonite Products Company, Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

body; sent him reeling backward. From that attack Bill cleared himself with difficulty. He would have to close with Gilroy, or be beaten to death. He set himself to wade through that wall of fists.

There had been no fragment of time in which to watch the others, but now Deacon Bill saw a movement behind the oncoming Gilroy. In the same instant Chug wavered and stopped. His mouth opened and a kind of dazed surprise spread over his face. Then his knees buckled and he went heavily face downward upon the floor.

Smith saw the knife in the hand of Tenpenny Blood before he understood what had happened. One side of the black mustache twitched and Tenpenny wrinkled his nose, almost humorously. His button-eyed gaze went from Tess, holding herself up by a chair, to Jim Dole. There it stayed. Dole was ready for action, poised, but it was plain that the stabbing had been as unexpected to him as to everybody except the man who had done it.

"If he ain't dead he will be in a minute," said Tenpenny, calmly. "Him and me couldn't get along together and this was a good chance."

"What for?" demanded Dole, hoarsely, pointing to Gilroy.

"He was planning to double-cross me, and maybe you, on this job tonight," said Blood. "Ask Tess. Now listen to me, Jim Dole, and think twice before you act foolish. You do with him what you've done with stiffs before, and do it quick unless you want to go up for life with me. You and me can handle the job tonight. You take his share of the money and I take the girl. Think hard and get set!"

WHILE he waited Tenpenny Blood stood with his knife point against a table and his black eyes moving just the shade necessary to watch both Dole and Smith. To Deacon Bill it was a respite, and welcome, no matter what came afterwards. The ache in his ribs where Gilroy had pounded him grew less; he managed to stanch a cut over one eye.

"You handle him alone?" Dole nodded toward the Deacon. The decision was made, Bill knew.

"Sure!"

"Women ain't worth it!" grunted Dole, as he bent and shouldered the body of Chug Gilroy. He went out through the rear of the house. Tenpenny chuckled and took a fresh grip upon the hilt of his knife.

"What say now, Deacon?" he asked. "Have I got to carve you, too?"

"You've got to fight!" answered Deacon Bill.

"Tenpenny!" The voice of Tess rang desperately through the room. "You can get away with killing Chug, but you can't get away with this! They'll look for Bill Smith!"

"They got to have a corpse to prove anything," said Blood, grimly. "And they won't be no corpse! Now you keep that pretty mouth of your'n shut. I'm going to be busy!"

"I'll kill you!" she cried. "If you hurt Bill I'll kill you, so help me God!"

"I like 'em when they scratch!"

Tenpenny Blood began to move forward. Without the knife it would have been a fair fight: with it the odds were all for Tenpenny. Better a pistol than that blade in a hand that knew very well how to use it. Deacon Bill circled cautiously. Blood pressed him closer and closer, forcing him toward a corner. Smith knew that if he were once cornered only luck could save him.

IF he could close in! His corded arms swung loose, ready. Blood feinted; made little rushes. The careless half grin was gone from his face now. A serious job, taken seriously. Cut and thrust, like lightning, and the point slid along the upflung arm of Bill. A streak of fire, but the arm would still work.

Nearer the corner. And always that point of steel playing for the right kind of an opening. Too canny a knife fighter to let his wrist be seized. Bill felt his leg brush a table. It was one of those that held glasses and a whisky bottle. The idea that his searching mind had wanted came like a flash of light. One more step backward. One more feint at grasping the wrist of Tenpenny, to keep him off.

Now! With the quickest movement he had ever made Deacon Bill swung the whisky bottle by the neck and drove it straight at the head of Tenpenny Blood. Bill was too near to miss. The heavy bottom struck Tenpenny between the eyes with a sound like a hammer blow. He went down as a beef goes down under the sledge of the butcher.

Deacon Bill straightened up, trembling. He thrilled as he saw an uplifted chair fall from the hands of Tess; she had been coming to help. Her hands were trying to brush her eyes clear of the things they had seen.

Bill leaped over Tenpenny Blood and threw his arm around her. Out of that house and away from it; into the clear sunshine and the flaming joy of the woods. Tess dug her fingers into his arm, as though to hold to the reality of this moment. She began to laugh, with tears chasing each other happily down her cheeks.

"Oh, Bill!" she sobbed. "Heaven help the tough guys when a soft-hearted hick like you goes after 'em!"

THE END

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now lose

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Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

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If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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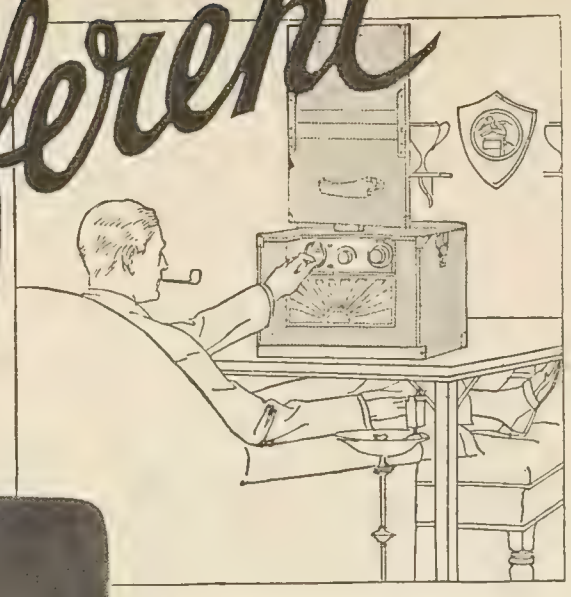

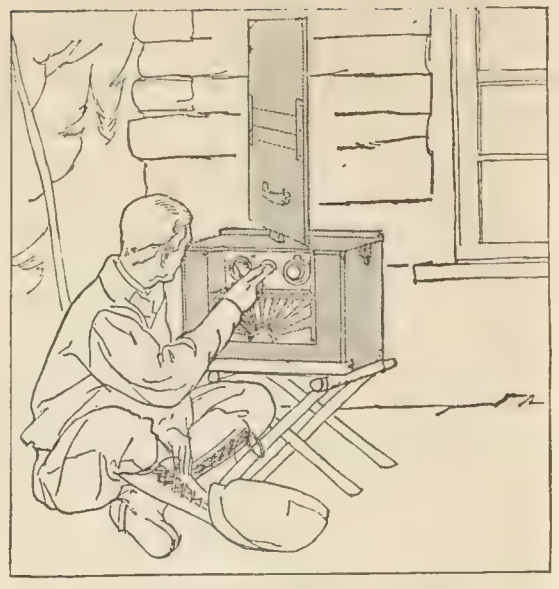

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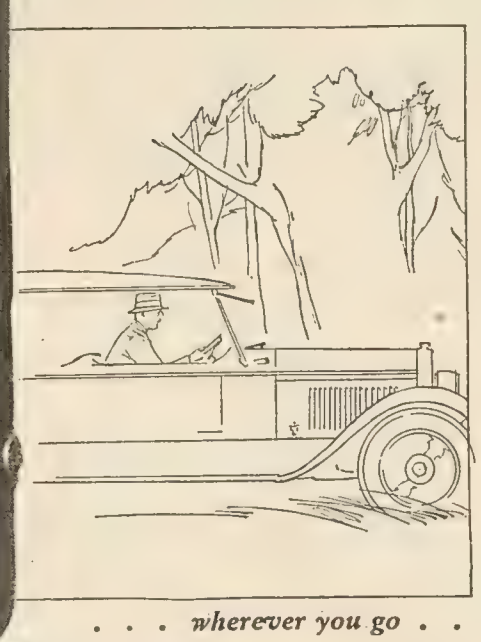
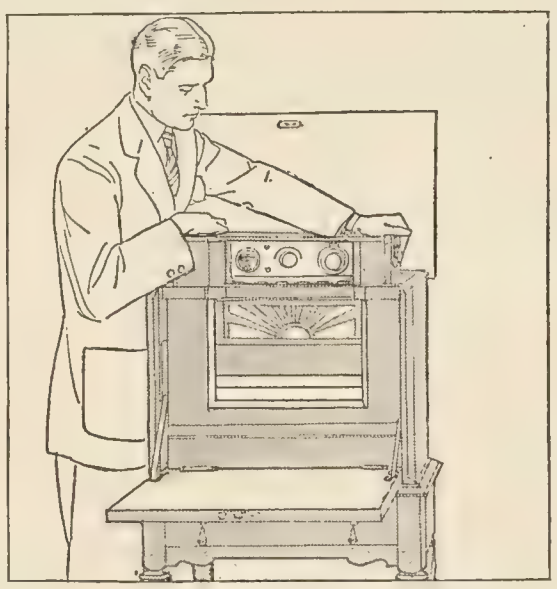
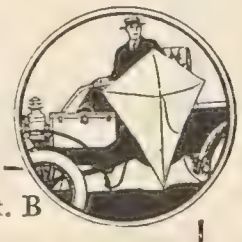




. . . wherever you go . . . . . or placed in this walnut cabinet . . if you prefer a furniture model for your home.

The Operadio shown above is a complete self-contained set with six tubes, loudspeaker, loop aerial, batteries and all parts fitted into a compact carrying case. Ready for use anywhere at a moment's notice. It may, if desired, be housed in the beautiful Tudor Cabinet. And for those who want a compact set for home use only, the Operadio also is available in a distinctive semi-portable mahogany case.

The Operadio idea was conceived sixteen years ago when J. M. Stone built the first successful self-contained radio receiving set, using a kite to carry the aerial wire aloft. The accompanying sketch was made from a photograph taken in 1909



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The Operadio is entirely self-contained. It requires no outside wires, no separate loudspeaker, no bothersome wet batteries. For the past two years it has been the talk of the entire world. Today you will find it in thousands and thousands of American homes.

Close it up, carry it to any part of the house, or take it with you anywhere. Open it, and in a moment you can be listening in on stations hundreds and even thousands of miles distant. Perfect fidelity of tone—clear, distinct, undistorted! Amazingly simple tuning to bring in one station after another.

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Do not make the mistake of buying a radio set until you have seen and heard the Operadio. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it in your home in comparison with any other high-grade set.

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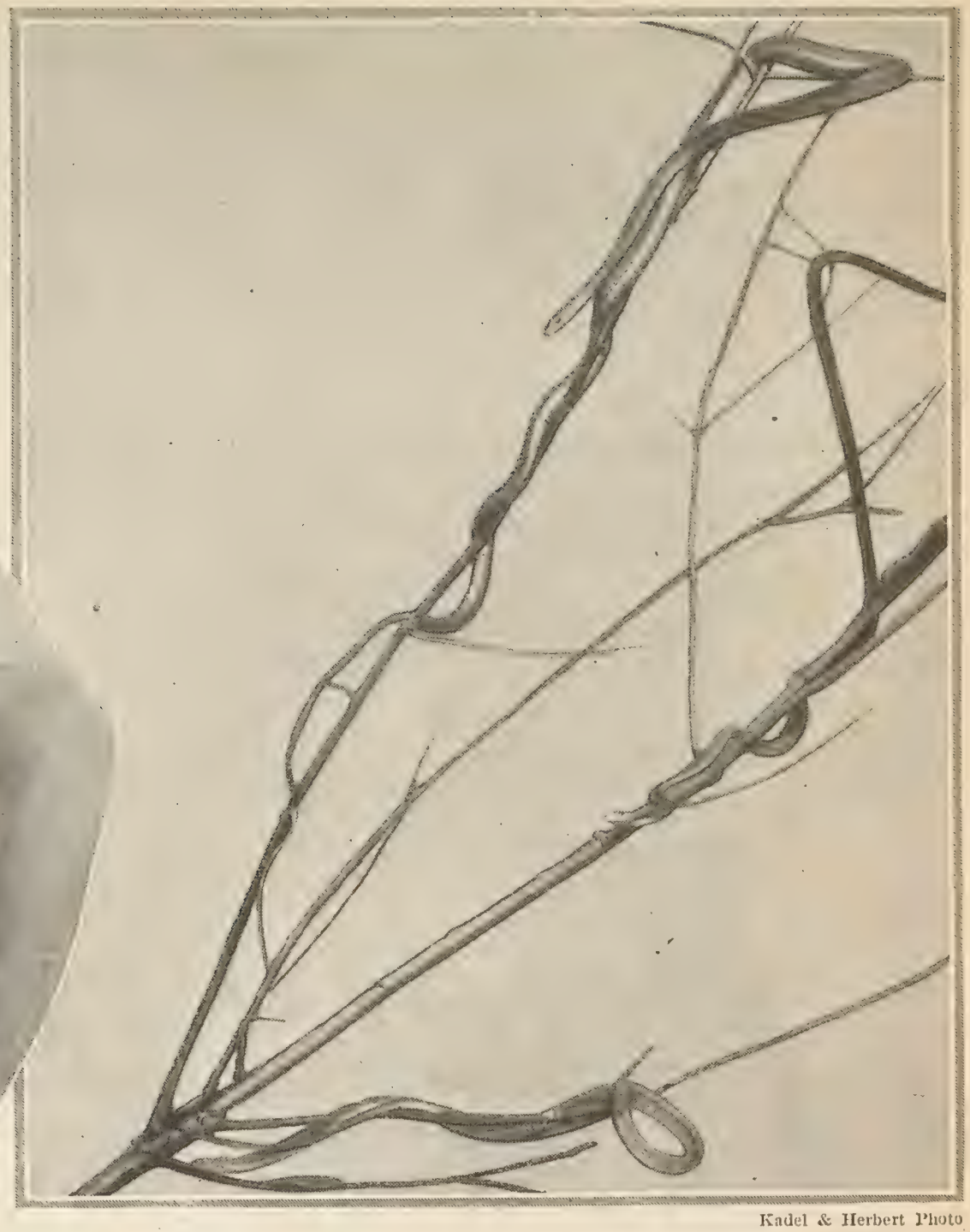
The Original Self-Contained Radio

J. L. Buck, veteran hunter of snakes, as he appears when risking his life in the African jungle searching for some rare ophidian.



Kadel & Herbert Photo

A few of Mr. Buck's bag of green mambas, the poisonous "whip snakes" which lurk in trees and flash down upon passing victims.

Some Big Moments *with My* Snakes

As Told by J. L. BUCK *to* HAZEL CANNING

High Spots in Twenty-six Years of Combing Africa and Other Wild Areas for Deadly Reptiles

"SLIMY and treacherous, like a snake in the grass."

Something to make the gorge rise and the flesh crawl. This has been most people's idea of all snakes, since Eden. But it's an idea held by those who are quite unfamiliar with serpents.

First of all, a snake isn't slimy. Just pick one up and see. It's cold, instead, and very dry. Moreover, there's nothing loathesome about even the most venomous snake in the African jungle. And I feel I really know. For I've hunted snakes and courted snakes and bagged them and petted them all over the world.

Lately I brought back to New York the first collection of African cobras, green mambas, boomslanges, and horned rhinoceros vipers that ever reached our country. Those seventy-eight rare reptiles represent more of their respective kinds than are in captivity in all the rest of the world, but I bagged them only after a twenty-six-year hunt.

I suppose I've made friends of my snakes from the time I used to trap them as a boy, down in Louisiana. Later I used to keep a couple of boa constrictors about my camp as pets. That was in Brazil. And when I called "Kobe—Kobe!" they both came, running and eager.

Many men fear snakes. But I am fascinated by them. When I say I'm fond of the rare beauties I just brought back from Africa, I don't mean I didn't face sudden death in taking them. Still, though I've faced death at the fangs and horns and strong flailing tails of vipers and pythons and cobras, I've only once been bitten to amount to anything in all my twenty-six years of snake trapping, while all about me I've seen men sicken and die of snake bite.

Why, you may ask. Well—perhaps it was my "Juju." That's an African word which means, in the case of reptiles, the way of a man with a snake. But still, despite my "Juju," I've had some bad moments. And one of those which I will always remember the longest came when I bagged Fatu, the female cobra, and Bia ("Big Boy"), her devoted mate. These two reptiles are now safely behind glass in the New York Zoological Park. But first——

The place was in North Sierra Leone, near the village of Gorama, a dim country never penetrated by white men. My party consisted of twenty black boys and myself. We had reached camp, built shakedowns, and "shingled" them with palm leaves, when suddenly upon our retirement pierced the frenzied squawking of wild monkeys.

"Cheeeekee! Cheeeekee! Cheeeekee!" This is the sound of monkeys in sudden alarm for their lives. I seized a jungle hat and ran out. Up in the trees were myriads of scolding monkeys.

The squawk of monkeys means the approach of snakes, for monkeys and snakes have been sworn enemies of the African jungle since

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

This 29-passenger De Luxe type bus will be on exhibition at the A. E. R. A. Convention in Atlantic City October 5-9. A number of other types will be shown—all on the Model 50-A White Bus Chassis. Model 50-A Chassis—$4,950 f. o. b. Cleveland.

Facts prevail~

and White leads the bus industry

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~ ~ More White Busses are in service in this country than busses of any other high-grade make.

~ ~ More White Busses were sold—and delivered—the past year than busses of any other high-grade make.

~ ~ More than 100 bus companies operate fleets of from 10 to 299 White Busses each —and thousands of additional Whites serve bus operators in fleets of less than 10.

~ ~ More than one-third of all the busses operated by street railway companies are Whites.

~ ~ Hundreds of White Busses are still in operation with records of from 100,000 to 600,000 and more *money-earning miles.*

~ ~ White Busses are standard equipment in Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain, Glacier, Yosemite, Rainier and Grand Canyon National Parks.

~ ~ The White Company—pioneer builder of motor busses—has had experience in the bus business without a parallel for its scope and thoroughness. White Busses were in operation as early as 1904.

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To assure themselves the maximum profit day after day, year after year, over hundreds of thousands of miles—

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THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE BUSSES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

the day the first snake swallowed the ancestor of the modern monkey. I called to my snake noose caddie.

"Go get Daddy Buck snake nooses quick!" I ordered.

The monkeys, meanwhile, were leading the way, hopping deftly from tree to tree while I followed over the tangled ground. At last we came to a clearing and a really magnificent waterfall. Hiding behind a stump and peering out above it, I halted. Overhead in the trees the monkeys had halted, too, though their cries had redoubled.

"Cheeeekee—cheeeekee—cheeeekee," they fairly agonized.

I KNEW, then. My glance flashed toward a pile of damp rocks beside the foot of the falls. There writhed a magnificent black cobra, ten feet long, in action! Its great jaws were wide; its wicked teeth had just wrung the life from a big monkey! And at this cobra's side was another cobra, larger still. As I looked, its head lifted, its creamy mouth opened.

I dodged in a swish of a second, just as it sent its tawny venom shooting at me, fifteen feet through the air. That venom, reaching the eye of a man, would blind him instantly. The next moment my foot slipped in it, but my eyes were saved. "Ssisser—Ssisser—Ssisser" was the sound.

The second snake sped away, frightened, but its companion remained stolid, helpless, trapped, the monkey half way down its throat. Now, as all snake hunters know, the most powerful cobra cannot move while he is swallowing any large object, nor can it move afterwards till digestion has been completed.

Well, this particular beauty was trapped with its supper before he got scent of me. So I walked up to the cobra, in quiet triumph, careful only to approach it in front. I took up my snake noose, peacefully inserted the cobra's head between the leather and wood of the device, drew the leather strap taut over the head as soon as the monkey was swallowed and —there I had him.

After that it was an easy matter to wind his ten-foot body about the staff of my snake noose, tie it, feebly wriggling, to the staff with a native wicker wire, and then go back to camp, bearing my snake in triumph. And it all had been so pitifully easy!

But when I went to sleep that night, my dreams were full of regret for another black cobra, even larger than the one now safely in its box—a superb black cobra that had gone slithering away from me into its unknown hiding place, after shooting its venom fifteen feet. If only that other——

I sat up in bed.

My little fox terrier was barking as if his heart would break. I raised a hand to my head. The room was filled with the pricks of unknown peril. I strained my ears. I strained my eyes. I was wet all over and a little weak. I tore off my mosquito netting and fumbled on the floor for my flashlight, while through the undertones of the dog's yelps I could half hear a dry sound, like rattling leaves in November.

Then my fingers closed over my flashlight. I raised it. Out went my arm, to a place where the flash would not reveal my position on the bed. On went the flashlight.

And I was looking straight into the mouth of a second black cobra, poised and hissing, just ready to make at me!

A great wave of desperation swept over me, bringing sudden strength. I turned off the flash and let it drop. I struggled to get out of bed. Still, in the darkness, there danced before me what those two seconds had revealed—the dirty yellow slime of the cobra's mouth, oozing down its jaws; the great black tongue amidst the creamy lather; the tawny gullet swelling up out of its throat, and the tan-creamy sets of upper and lower teeth gleaming in the venom just ready to be hurled!

In those two seconds after the flash went off, the venom lit on my bed. I was wet with its liquid, as I tried to stretch out my legs. And then I knew what had slowed me up in the dark. My right leg was fast asleep and I couldn't possibly move it! For the next momentous ten seconds my leg was out of the reckoning. But I must do something quickly.

IN the next whirling second I had gathered up my blanket and hurled it, outspread, toward two glistening snake's eyes which quivered in the pool of darkness beyond my bed. Next instant I had sprung upon that blanket, my leg restored, and I and the blanket and a great cobra were "mixing it up" all over the dirt floor of that temporary shakedown, in Sierra Leone.

While we flipped and we flopped, I called with what breath I could spare. We each were feeling—feeling for our ancient vantage ground against the other: the cobra for my heel, I for the cobra's head. Nip and tuck—at last we reached a lull, and exhaustion.

I raised my dazed head and felt something hard and quiet, within my hands. I was grasping that cobra's head! And the enfeebled wriggling of his tail told me my black beauty still lived! That was a sweet moment in a fair world, that moment I spent alone there after the battle with my second black cobra!

My two rare cobras found after a twenty-six-year hunt for the Bronx Park Zoological Garden! I raised my voice in a shout.

My boys came. Somebody built up the fire outside. We cut a hole through the blanket and drew the head through, tight in a noose. I dropped my prize into the great box where the first cobra was thrashing. And as soon as I had done this those two cobras just cuddled down together and never another flop!

Before this I had always laughed at the native stories of how the cobra mates for life and even tracks down the killer of its mate to avenge its death. But now, no more. When I examined Bia—Big Boy—the snake that had nearly done for me, I found bits of my sweater still clinging to his mouth. I had dropped that sweater at the falls in the zest of trapping the first cobra. The mate had traced the odor on the sweater over a mile of broken country into my hut.

THERE'S a rock python now lording it in a zoological garden in Germany as he long lorded it over the frantic village of Conju, in Sierra Leone, Africa. Karuna, the village "snake doctor," told me of that python.

"Big Boman," said Karuna, "big pas (beyond) all."

"Where live?" I asked.

"Big Boman—he live all over." Karuna shook his head while his skinny arms embraced the world. "At night he sail over village—spit death."

I wasn't too greatly impressed. The African native with his snake story is like that friend of yours with his fish yarn. But I urged Karuna to show me the place and he led me out from the village to the jagged side of a rocky hill resembling an abandoned New England stone quarry. We were just turning away down past a clump of stones, when just ahead of us, among a rubble of stones, we spied a dark brown object, powerfully made, twisting in and out. We all stopped. We were downward from the creature. That meant he could not smell us.

"There big Boman," whispered Karuna tremblingly. I raised my field glasses. And I felt again the hot, damp flush the snake collector feels when he views the beautiful prize just beyond his reach! That snake was a twenty-foot rock python—and he had just slithered into the opening of a very small cave, much too little for us to pass into. I knew in a moment that there probably was nowhere in captivity such a rock python as this one.

I ran up, followed by the snake charmer and his Pikin, a boy of ten. We tried all the ways we knew of tempting the python out of his retreat. I even let down to him a woolen ball, saturated in monkey blood. He paid no heed. The thought crossed my mind that this python might have a monkey

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"She is Yours, Master!"

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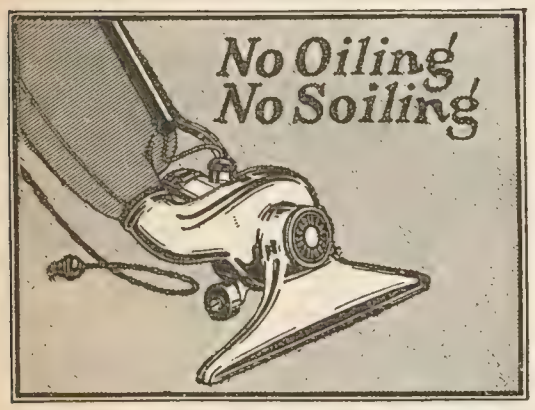

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

stored away in the cave, otherwise he would have come out for our bait. Anyway, he wouldn't budge!

Next day I was forced to leave on a protracted chimpanzee hunt, and it was weeks before I could get back to Conju. I found that the rock python was terrorizing the natives as before, and I longed for another go at him.

That chance came almost at once. The very first evening when I was making for the village after a monkey hunt, one of my porters, far in advance, suddenly cried out in terror. Then he fell abruptly.

I stood still with shock and amaze. The great rock python had just killed a man before my eyes! He had coiled three times about a tree yards ahead of us and, using this hold as a leverage, had flailed out with his mighty tail. One giant wallop and the poor porter boy was dead. I yelled for my gun carrier and my snake noose carrier, but before they had come up the snake had disappeared. Instinct flashed to me where he had gone—into that cave.

I WAS so firmly convinced of this that I "laid for him" early next day, after I had devised a trap which I felt pretty sure would avenge us on this murdering reptile. To do this, I fastened a living goat by a long steel chain to a rock not far from the mouth of the small cave. Then I waited from a lookout high up on the hill.

At the end of the second day my vigil was rewarded. Mister Rock Python, dun splotched and splendid, nosed his way out, fell upon my goat, wrapped him in his twenty feet of coiling body, broke his every bone, stretched him into an enormous long sausage, and then lay down to eat him at leisure. I watched, gloating. For when he had swallowed the last of the goat he had also swallowed one end of the twenty-foot steel chain, to which the goat was tied. And he couldn't relieve himself of this chain until the next day, when the peculiar processes of his digestion would pass off, through his mouth, the captured chain and the goat's horns. I had him!

So I carried down my great cagelike steel trap and released the end of the steel chain which was fastened to the rock. I passed this through the open end of the trap nearest the snake and out through the other end. Then I called my black boys. I placed two boys on the free end of the chain.

"Now—pull!" I cried.

The sluggish snake was dragged into the strong trap inch by inch and foot by foot. He didn't like to come one bit. But his end of the chain was fixed in his stomach and he couldn't help himself. He was twenty feet long and the handsomest thing in snake flesh I have ever brought out of the jungle.

On the comparatively few occasions when death has threatened me in equatorial Africa, it came stalking out of a seeming peace. As on that night in the Bonda Bush when I surprised those nearly naked savage women, drunk and reveling on Sherbro Island, and lost my seven green mamba snakes, the first I had taken in all my life.

The lucky capture had occurred near Sherbro. The mamba is a green, slender, ten-foot long, whiplike reptile, the swiftest thing in scales. After supper I took two boys and the basket of snakes along, for often a hungry black boy will eat the snakes and tell you they escaped while you were absent. We crawled a mile through the underbrush, making for some curious sounds—wailing, lilting, sounds which tempted us on.

Finally we came to a hushed halt, yards distant from where a fire smouldered. A more than half naked woman was holding the cut-off arm of a chimpanzee over the fire, toasting it. I shuddered and crouched low with my boys. Then I looked again. Many women had joined the first, some old, some young. And they were leading two utterly naked young girls whose firm little heads were totally covered with hoods of straw matting. When I saw these blinded girls, I trembled. I knew. We had stumbled in upon the women's secret society—the conclave of women in the Bonda Bush!

This is the place where all girls of marriageable age are led by the mothers of the tribe to be initiated in the secrets of life and love. If the doings of those women are spied upon by men, the laws of all the tribes permit the women to kill the peepers with whatever comes to hand. I trembled, knowing our danger. Soon the women, hot with palm wine, were writhing about in savage dances.

And then I turned. My two boys had dropped to sleep, spent with the fatigues of the day. When I looked again, I knew our real peril. Those women had spied us out!

"Bobo! Bobo! Bobo!" I called to my boys. The women were closing in upon us. And a great, full-breasted female, with gleaming eyes, was making for me, a knife in her hand.

I knew I must make the next ten seconds count. And in my desperate moment, the desperate remedy flashed across my brain.

I stooped. I picked up that basket of whiplike green mambas. I hurled off the cover. Then I jumped into the air, wickedly scratching my head against the brambles as I leaped.

"Whiew—iew—iew!" I halloed, imitating one of their own wild notes. And I hurled that precious collection of green mambas at the panting savage matron bearing down upon me. Those whiplike reptiles went spinning through the milky moonlight, hissing and flailing out. The women shrieked and scattered. We scattered, too. I had lost my precious mambas, but I had saved our lives. And was not so poor, since, before my trip was done, I had collected eighteen more green mambas.

YES, the man who goes hunting rare snakes in the corner of the earth beside the equator will face his thrills. But snakes are easily tamed if you go about it right. I generally get them used to me by dropping my shirt into their box for a night or two. Then I lift them out, carefully grasping each by his head, so he can't bite. I fondle him. I rub his scaly back. I let him nestle in the warmth of my lap. I stretch him out at full length, if he is short enough. And after a few contacts, we are friends for life.

I've found that the cobra is the most intelligent of all reptiles. I early teach my cobras to raise their bodies, column-fashion, when I lift my hand. I have also taught them to rise to music. Some music they will heed, some has no effect on them. The cobras I brought back to the Bronx Zoo Park would rise to the rhythm of a native air played on my son's guitar, but would lie absolutely listless to the tune of We Have No Bananas.

Just one last thing about all reptiles I can't stress too emphatically. They attack humans only when cornered or when they think they are. They fly, like a mouse, if given a chance. Which brings me to an axiom. The snake, of all animals, is the most misunderstood by man. And, in turn, of all animals the snake most misunderstands man, his master.

THE END

LIBERTY recently published an article called Riding in Luxury in Liners of the Air. This article gave details and plans for a dirigible route between American and European cities and described the luxury and safety devices in the airship of the future.

We had intended to run a second article on this subject. Like the first, it was to be based on the opinions of experts. We do not dispute the opinions of these experts, but in view of the Shenandoah catastrophe we have decided not to print this second article. THE EDITORS.

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Harrison Fisher drawing his favorite—the girl with a straight, short nose.

Has Your Face A Better Side?

Probably, Says Harrison Fisher. Here's a Way to Discover Beauty You May Not Know You Possess

By ALEXANDRA GREY

WE ARE none of us absolutely symmetrical. The left half of one's body is not exactly like the right half. One foot is slightly larger than the other; or the ears are a little different. Particularly, the two sides of the face are not exactly alike.

Most persons who during those moments when they are compelled to look at themselves in the mirror discover that their faces are perceptibly lopsided experience only a fleeting wonder and let it go at that. Even among most women it is not a thing to worry about. But girls who are beauties by profession—models, actresses, movie aspirants, whose faces are their fortunes—know which side of the face is comelier, and they act accordingly.

Harrison Fisher, famous artist, is my authority. A countless procession of models has posed for him. In almost every instance, when he has suggested a certain pose to one of his models, she will say:

"Oh, no! Don't draw that side. This side is much better." Much self-examination has taught her at what angle she looks her very prettiest. The reason models have learned so much is this: They have been sketched and photographed hundreds of times. They learn from the pictures of themselves.

Most of us, photographed perhaps only once in a few years, are always disagreeably surprised at the variability of our looks. A photograph reveals and exaggerates defects in a way that a mirror does not, for most persons when they look into a mirror unconsciously set their features into an expression they have long before decided they liked best. But a photograph not only catches us as we are much of the time but it brings out strongly all defects and lack of symmetry. If the nose is deflected slightly to one side (and almost all noses are), a photograph which emphasizes one cheek will make the nose look long and strange; if it shows the other cheek, the nose will look flatteringly short and straight.

In fact, it is said that if one had two photographs taken of the right side of the face, and then had one of them reversed, the resulting ensemble would not be perfect—there would be a difference.

Models who have been photographed and sketched hundreds of times know all this.

"Some of my models," Mr. Fisher said, "confide to me that when they go to a restaurant to dine with a man they always arrange that their escort sits at such and such a table and in such and such a chair, so that all during the evening he will be gazing upon the girl from a point of view which is the most complimentary to her prettiness.

"These girls know that one eyebrow is different from the other (and, of course, they like the prettier eyebrow better). Or the ear on one side is better. Or the teeth are not so straight and even on one side as on the other.

"Of course, I think that these irregularities are often the very things that enhance a girl's looks and make her beautiful. Eyebrows that are different—one higher than the other—can be charming. Even defects are sometimes fascinating. I have seen girls who have had a slight cast in one eye, or who have eyes of a little different color, or who are ever so slightly wall-eyed, who are more magnetic and attractive because of these things.

"The kind of girl I have admired and drawn a great deal (so much so that it is the kind of girl that is demanded of me, and so I will probably continue to draw her for the rest of my life) is a girl with a straight, short nose, blunt but well-shaped. I think of it as a blonde's nose—frank, childish, honest. Among the girls who pose for me, this seems to be the kind of a nose they admire most. Usually if they haven't one, they wish they did."

Almost every girl, says Mr. Fisher, unless the bony structure of her face is malformed, has the possibility of good looks.

"Look at the women opposite you in the street car," he said. "Go all down the line. In almost each instance you can see that had the woman a passionate interest in being good-looking and had she taste—an idea of what good looks are and what to do about it—she might be quite a beauty. Plenty of women with very handsome features are reduced to insignificance by a muddy complexion, or dull eyes, or a poor hair arrangement.

"On the other hand, many girls mar their looks in order to be fashionable. Plucked eyebrows, for instance. On certain faces a hair-line eyebrow, delicately arched, is all right. It is all right in faces with smooth, molded contours, like those of a Dresden china shepherdess or a Marie Antoinette. But I think that usually eyebrows in all their original breadth and thickness and roughness and irregularity are much more charming.

"To use make-up well takes a lot of discernment. I am all for lipsticks and rouge. But sometimes a brilliant red on thin lips exaggerates their thinness—makes them look cruel and makes the rest of the face appear drawn. And a girl with thin nostrils should not make up her mouth with vermilion rouge so that it looks large and full, because thin nostrils and a full mouth do not go together."

Do girls study their good points and try to enhance them for the benefit of men?

"I suppose they think they do—some of them," Mr. Fisher remarked. "And men like to think they do. But men are so unobservant and undiscerning.

"As for this presentation of the better side of a face to a beau—all wasted effort. I have no doubt that many a girl who has been careful to do this for years has been shocked to get a letter from her adorer at last, raving about her blue eyes, when all the time they are brown. To test this, ask a man what color his wife's eyes are. Usually a speculative look comes into his face and he tries to concentrate for a long time, and then guesses. . . . Wrong! . . . No doubt, one of the roots of the marriage problem."

THE END

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Every Woman, Says Banks, the Salesman, Instinctively Thinks Her Husband Is Wrong. And You MAY Be Right!

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

Picture by R. B. FULLER

"If your wife opposes it she will shake your confidence—and it increases your chances of failure."

BANKS, the salesman, had spent an hour explaining to Davis the advantages of the proposition. He had sold Davis on the plan. They had gone over the entire ground. The contract was drawn, agreed upon, and minor changes settled. It was ready for signature.

"Sign here—on the dotted line," Banks remarked, shoving the contract across the desk.

"I'll sign it and give it to you in the morning," Davis replied, picking up the contract.

"Why not now?"

"Well—I want to study it over a little; I may have overlooked some little point——"

"Want to talk it over with your wife?" Banks asked.

"Well—yes. I always consult her before signing any paper of importance; not that it makes any difference; she always does as I say in business matters."

Banks reached over slowly, took the contract, and calmly tore it to pieces.

"Never mind wasting any more of your time, or mine," he said.

"Look here, Banks, what do you mean?" demanded Davis, angrily.

"Just this: I sold you on the idea. It is a good thing for you—a good thing for us. You're convinced. But I cannot take time to sell your wife. In fact, now that you are sold, she would be twice as hard to convince, because every woman instinctively decides her husband is wrong no matter what he does. I'm a pretty good salesman and this is a good proposition, but you cannot sell your wife on the idea because you're not as good a salesman as I am.

"Another thing—you cannot decide for yourself. I don't know anything about your business, but I'll make you a wager the reason you never have been a big success is that, instead of deciding for yourself, you waste time and often lose opportunities by consulting with your wife."

Davis flushed. It was evident Banks had spoken the truth and that he remembered vividly some instances of such action by Davis.

"If you think I'm not boss of my family I'll sign that contract right now," Davis said.

"Don't do it," Banks replied. "I'd rather lose the sale than have you do it and either keep quiet about it at home or have an argument. If you did it without the wife's knowledge she would be certain to think it was wrong. You might pretend to be satisfied, but all the time you would have a guilty feeling and be looking for flaws in the plan.

"This is a thing you must go into believing in it yourself. If you lack confidence in it you'll fail. If your wife opposes it she will shake your confidence, or make you wonder whether or not you are right—and it increases your chances of failure. Under the circumstances I would not advise you to go into it at all."

THE talk lasted for some time. Banks remained firm. His attitude appeared to influence Davis exactly the other way. Davis finally insisted upon talking it over with his wife, and renewing the negotiations the next morning. The following morning he called on the telephone to say he "had thought it over" and decided Banks was right in advising against the proposition.

Banks laughed when I asked him about the outcome.

"Davis is just another of those fellows who let their wives decide for them and don't know she does it," he said. "Seventy-five per cent of the men who fail in business are men who allow their wives to do their thinking for them, who cannot decide for themselves. Whenever a man tells me he is going to talk it over with his wife I call the deal off—for my own good as much as for his.

"You would be surprised to learn how many men depend upon their wives for business advice—fifty per cent would not be too large an estimate. Sentimentally it is a fine thing, but from a business standpoint it is bad, not because the wife may lack judgment, but because the very fact a man has to ask his wife shows that he is seeking some moral support. He doesn't dare trust his own judgment.

"It is a very frequent cause of trouble between man and wife, because a man who is so weak he is afraid to decide for himself is usually weak enough to blame his wife if things go wrong.

"Take the case of Jack Dempsey, the fighter. His manager, Jack Kearns, and he got along until Dempsey married, and then the partnership collapsed, as had been predicted. Mrs. Dempsey merely proved that no wife will sit quietly and see fifty per cent of her husband's earnings going to someone else.

"The fact that Kearns took Dempsey when he was a raw, inexperienced man, made a champion of him, got him two or three times as large purses as he could have arranged for himself, and made him a rich man, did not count with the wife. All she could see was that when Dempsey got a $500,000 purse Kearns got half of it—and to her eyes this seemed unfair, since Dempsey was champion and did the fighting. Their split has always been fifty-fifty except that Kearns paid the training expenses out of his end.

"Our wives overestimate our value and are jealous for us, and this causes them to interfere in partnerships and frequently wrecks the husbands. Dempsey probably would have remained a cheap fighter but for the handling of Kearns, and it is doubtful whether he ever

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

would have been a champion; but the wife does not consider all this.

"I remember one major league baseball star who was famous, and whose wife drove him out of the business. She insisted upon dictating his business affairs. One spring she ordered him to hold out until he got as big a salary as that of another star player on the team. She said her husband was as good as the other fellow and that he shouldn't sign until the club paid him as much. The manager refused to talk to the player save to say: 'Send your wife home and we'll talk business.'

"The player finally yielded, sent his wife away, and signed the contract. The moment it was signed the manager gave him ten days' notice of release, saying: 'We can't have two managers on this team and your wife insists on being one.'

"The same situation obtains in every line of business and when the wife is permitted to interfere the result is trouble. Women are loyal, jealous, and unreasonable in business affairs. Contracts and agreements mean nothing to them when they make up their minds their husbands are getting the worst of it.

"NOT long ago a well-known cartoonist was the victim of his wife's admiration for him and his work. He had a contract and made a large salary, but his wife found out that he was not making as much as another fellow in the same office.

"She kept at him, declaring if he had any 'manhood' he would 'stand up for his rights' and 'make them pay you.' He reminded her of the contract and she declared it unfair and wrong, and forced him to demand a larger scale of pay. The employer, naturally, stood on the contract and refused to pay more until it expired.

"'You quit for a few days and they'll beg you to come back,' the wife advised. 'They can't do without you and they'll pay.'

"Urged on thus the husband quit. The employer immediately filled the cartoonist's place, and he is still out of work.

"Do not get the idea I am criticizing women or doubting their business ability or acumen. But it is manifestly impossible for a woman sitting at home, knowing nothing of conditions or personalities, to judge the chances of a business deal being successful.

"If the wife decides matters she ought to take her husband's place in the office and let him stay home and do the housework and care for the children.

"There is a neighbor of mine, of German parentage, whose husband conducts a highly specialized business. He handles only hand-made and embroidered white

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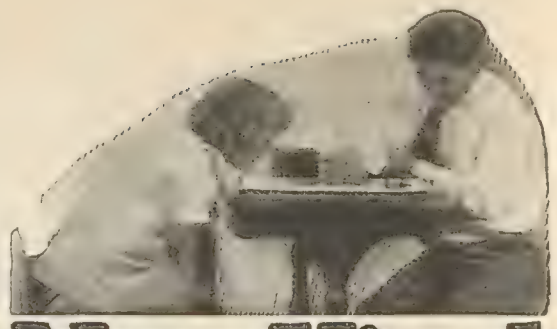

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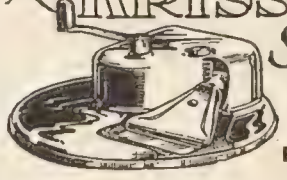

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Send me at once your amazing new sales plan showing how I can make the biggest money of my life giving away a free razor. This does not obligate me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Less 25 lbs.

What a difference

Now in every circle you see countless slender people who once were fat. You see ten times as many as you used to see.

Ask them how they lost that excess. Some will say "abnormal exercise and starvation diet." But more will mention Marmola Prescription Tablets. That's the easy, pleasant, scientific way.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Millions have learned its efficiency. Now people are taking over 100,000 tablets daily to attain the slenderness they wish.

Marmola is no secret. We state every ingredient, tell how and why it acts. You will use it when you know it, if excess fat is robbing you of beauty, health or vigor. Find out the facts in fairness to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

197

The Secret that changed everything

She was once to be pitied. Though beautiful, well bred and educated, she suffered—unknowingly—from the hideous thing that all women have to combat. However her friends knew. And her girl chum told her—the secret, two centuries old:

And now she is one of the thousands of dainty women who depend on *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* as their personal deodorant. *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* neutralizes—but does not check natural perspiration. It is delightfully refreshing in the bath; a touch of finesse after. It has become the absolute necessity in feminine toilette.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

Eau de Cologne-No. 4 cleans each tiny pore of the skin—removes all excessive oils; leaves the surface fresh—girlishly soft . . . a perfect base for powder. Its winsome fragrance will delight you. Won't you, too, depend on *Eau de Cologne-No. 4?*

Send for This Sample!

At Your Dealer's 2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago

I am enclosing 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the GENEROUS SAMPLE of Eau de Cologne-No. 4 at once!

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist is.....

(Please PRINT in Pencil) L-14

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

goods, principally from the cottage industries in the upper Rhine valley. He knows German and French. He has made a dozen or more trips through the country picking up his stock and getting acquainted in villages where he makes arrangements for buying. During the war materials were scarce and he could not get the hand-made stuff. Immediately after the close of the war he covered the field and purchased at low prices a vast accumulation of fine work. He got it to the United States and was prepared to make a handsome profit when his wife interfered.

"She knew little of business beyond having been a clerk for a year or more when she was a girl. She did not speak French or German. She had no specialized knowledge of hand-worked goods, or of the market. Yet she was an American and her husband a 'plodding German'—so she decided she would run the business while he returned to Germany and secured another shipment. She broke him in five months.

"I DO not know why it is, but every woman considers her husband more or less a dead loss in a business way, and yet regards almost all other men as good business men.

"I found a laughable instance of this last year in a Cincinnati man who worked for a small merchant. The man's wife regarded the merchant as one of the smartest business men in the district, and often told her husband so. Last year the merchant retired and sold the store to the husband, who had worked for him twenty years. Immediately the wife decided her husband knew nothing about merchandising (although he had done most of the buying and selling for a dozen years) and insisted upon advising him in everything. She never would have thought of trying to advise his predecessor, but this was different.

"The business was in a muddle within a short time, and the husband, to whom I had sold goods, was desperate. I tried to explain to the wife what a good merchant and buyer her husband was—and

$10 to $250 *for a letter from you*

You can have lots of fun making so many different dishes with Premier Salad Dressing. Sandwiches for teas, salads for bridge parties, cold meats for little Sunday night suppers. It's so easy to make these dishes—you can win and play, too.

Here's a contest that will be fun

It is the easiest thing you ever did. If you have used Premier just write us a letter telling the different food uses you have found in each bottle.

TO MAKE it easy for the competent judges who will read all letters, number each separate use (namely, 1, 2, 3, etc.), for the number of different practical uses is the deciding factor.

You may have used Premier in devilled eggs. Or as a delicious dressing for fruit salad. Or with fillet of sole. Or on cold meat for Sunday night suppers. You may have put it on sandwiches for the children's school lunches. These are just a few suggested uses and you may have discovered many more.

147 prizes—$2,500 in gold

WE are awarding $2,500 in 147 different prizes, from $250 to $10 each, to those who send in lists of the greatest number of practical food uses from one bottle of Premier.

Any woman may send in as many lists as she chooses but only one of her lists can win a prize. This contest is open to those who have used Premier. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for. Contest closes December 1, 1925.

Address: FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Premier REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Salad DRESSING
A perfect mayonnaise

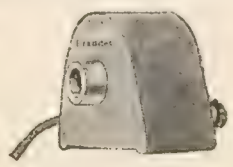
The Brandes Cabinet of mahogany finished in walnut brown. The same unit, quality of tone and even greater volume than the Type H Speaker . . . $30

Low tones—high tones —all clear, round, real!

JUST listen! Very low tones—the kind that used to be muffled and lost. Here they are—true and clear. A high soprano that used to be a bit thin in the upper register. Here it is, perfectly rounded—and real!

And this rare tone quality is characteristic of all Brandes products. The Cabinet Speaker, the Cone Speaker, the Horn—Type H. Even the Phonograph Attachment—which gives true Brandes tone through any good phonograph horn. To hear your set in its best voice—always—be sure you have acoustics by Brandes.

The Phonograph Attachment (below)—a splendid speaker with any good phonograph. Same unit as Type H horn. Adjustable, will fit all phonographs . . $10



The Brandes Cone—(above) a decorative bit of furniture—and a remarkable speaker. $38

The Type H—graceful lines and antique green and black finish. Great in volume—true in tone. Adjustable $18.

The Superior *Matched Tone* Headset is now, as always, ideal to tune in with—to listen undisturbed and undisturbing. . . $4.50

Brandes

Experts in radio acoustics since 1908

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Prices slightly more west of the Rockies and in Canada

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000 Cover Title Contest

Winning Titles for the Cover Picture of August 29

The cover for which the winning titles were written

FIRST PRIZE—$500
Bobber Shop Blues.
George Fenstermacher, Upland, Ind.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
A Worm Waiting for a Turn.
William F. Groell, 605 N. Luzerne Ave., Baltimore, Md.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
It Won't Be Long Now.
Anrena Burrell, Golden, Colo.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
A Woman's Right—A Man's Left.
Genevieve M. Bradford, 2751 Alameda Ave., Baltimore, Md.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
A Rage He Can't Control.
Harry J. Hamblet, 317 Clifton Ave., Newark, N. J.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25
Time and Woman Wait for No Man.
Alfred A. Reiser, 42 Meech Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25
Barberism.
B. F. Conaway, P. O. Box 441, Pekin, Ill.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25
Goldilocks and the Big Bear.
C. J. Newman, 1083 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.

Next Week: Winners for Sept. 5

Bright Sayings *of* Children

A better way to relieve your digestive distress!

TOO MUCH acid in your stomach—"hyper-acidity"—is the thing that brings about digestive distress.

You can relieve that condition with soda bicarbonate or preparations containing it. But there's one objection to alkalines of this class.

Unless you measure your dose to a nicety, your stomach is left with an alkaline residue. It cannot carry on its normal work. For it must have a *slight* trace of acidity or the digestive juices cannot function.

Gastrogen Tablets work differently

Gastrogen Tablets quickly destroy hyper-acidity, but they *do not leave your stomach with an alkaline content.*

You could eat any number of them, and the excess would only pass harmlessly out of your system. Your stomach remains "in neutral," and nature quickly restores the slight balance of acidity so essential to good digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild safe, effective and convenient. They combat digestive disturbance without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste, they purify the breath and they are prompt in the relief they give.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN *Tablets*

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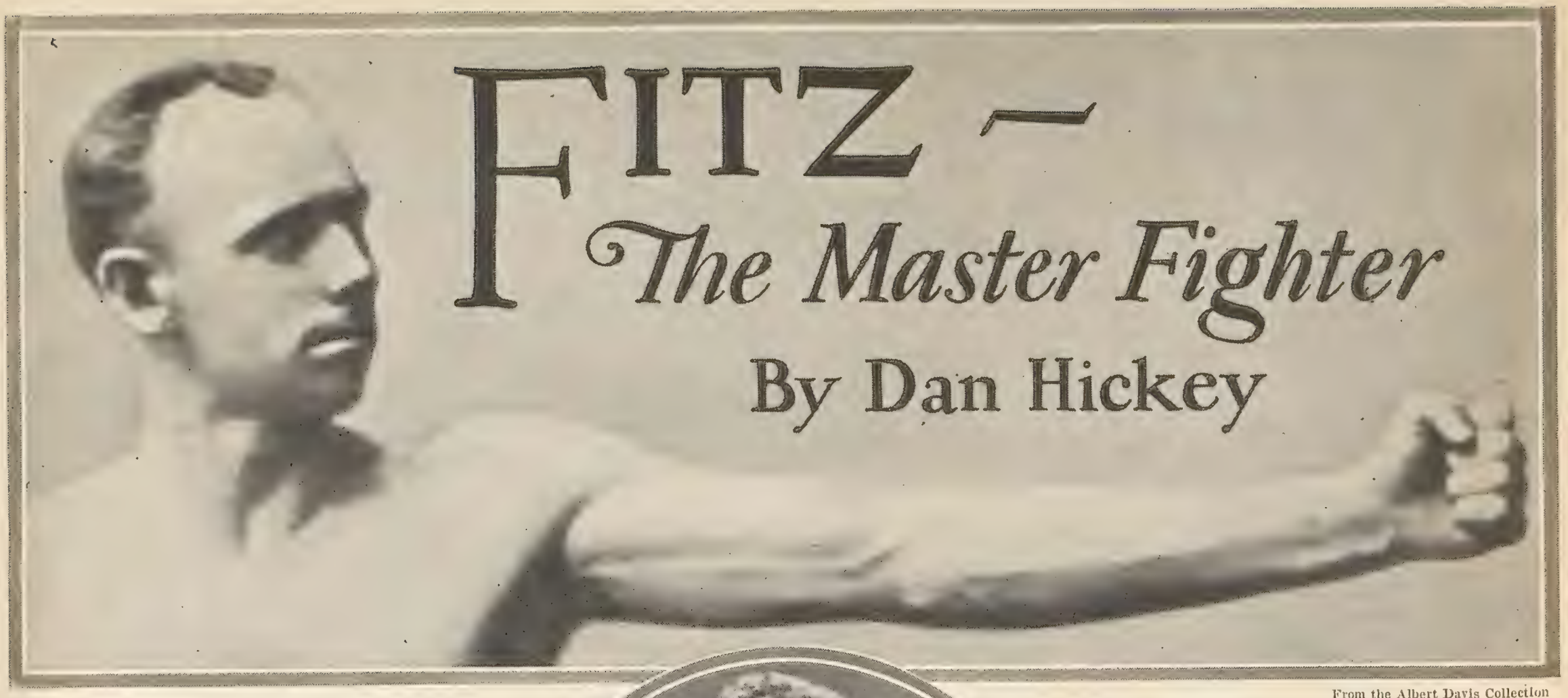
BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. A 1051
42 Rector Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____



FITZ — *The Master Fighter*

By Dan Hickey

From the Albert Davis Collection

A striking portrayal of Fitz's enormous reach, and the muscles which made one blow enough to knock opponents cold.

An Intimate View of "Ruby Robert" Through the Eyes of the Man Who Knew Him Best

ROBERT H. DAVIS, in his intensely human story of "Ruby Robert," alias Bob Fitzsimmons, told readers of Liberty about Fitzsimmons as he knew him. Now Dan Hickey tells of the Fitz he knew, of his fights, his struggles, his deadly strength in the ring. Hickey knew Ruby Robert better than did anyone else in the world. It was Hickey who gave Fitzsimmons his first boxing lessons, who trained him, seconded him, advised him, and acted as his sparring partner and instructor during his championship career.

Int. Photo

Young Bob Fitzsimmons, the boy whom the elder Fitz hoped would carry on the family tradition.

BOB FITZSIMMONS was, in my estimation, the greatest fighter the world ever has known. After I had known him for years he said to me one day:

"Dan, 'ow does it feel to be afraid?"

I thought he was joking, although later, during our long association, I discovered the man never knew what it was to be nervous or afraid. He is the only man I ever knew who actually did not know what fear was.

It was my good fortune to have known the man they called Ruby Robert from the very start of his career as a boxer and I want to tell you about the Fitz I knew. My portrait of him resembles in some respects that drawn by Mr. Davis in his articles; the general likeness is the same, but the story of his fights I'll tell from another angle.

I knew Fitz by sight before I met him from having seen him swinging along the streets of Sydney in Australia. He was a striking figure even then, gangly, awkward looking, with great shoulders and chest, with hips and legs narrow, on the lines of a thoroughbred horse, and huge, bony hands and big blotchy freckles on his face.

At that time I was a boy of seventeen. My family intended me for the law, but my health was not good, and boxing was recommended to build me up physically. Peter Jackson, who was then a great fighter, was running a gymnasium in Sydney, and I went there.

The law soon lost a promising candidate and I was in love with boxing. I won the Australian amateur championship.

One day Fitzsimmons came to the gymnasium. He had boxed in several amateur tournaments, but had not shown much except strength and hitting ability. At that time he knew nothing about boxing or where to hit a man. He and I worked together, I teaching him what Jackson had shown me, and we started staging three-round exhibitions.

Fitz had something most fighters nowadays lack—patience to learn, to study his work. He would practice for hours learning how to deliver one blow, and work, work, work until he perfected it.

Long before he met Corbett Fitz laid the foundation of that victory. I had studied Corbett's great left hand blow closely and could imitate it. Bob and I would box, and I would use that left hand blow again and again until my arm dropped from weariness, until Bob was perfect in meeting it.

The sudden shift to the left and the smashing drive to the stomach that finished Corbett was the result of hours and hours of practice and patient work, and when the time came the result justified the toil.

In a short time I realized Bob was coming too fast for me. He hit hard with either hand, and when he learned where and how to hit and to time blows he was dangerous with either hand.

He discovered early the three vital spots and his aim was unerring. Defensive fighting seemed to be instinctive with him, and before he had been making boxing his business two months he was developing new things in defense.

If you'll look back over Fitz's record in the ring you will find that, back near the start, he is charged with a defeat at the hands of Jim Hall. There is a story connected with that, and it was the event which brought Fitz to America and made him the champion of the world, although perhaps he might have come here anyhow.

The boxing game did not amount to much in Australia in those days and there was small reward for anyone. There were few good men and, with the exception of Jackson, Fitz could beat them all. He had won a few fights with such boxers as we there had and there was no chance for a match between him and Jackson. It is a strange thing about Fitz that he never believed any man in the world could beat him—except Jackson.

Fitz believed the big negro was the greatest of all fighters and always said he could not defeat him. Maybe he was right, but I have thought many times that it was his early admiration for the giant that caused Fitz to rate Jackson above himself. Jackson was a marvelous boxer, a man of great strength and cunning. Maybe he could have beaten Fitz, but if he had it would have been largely because Bob believed in his heart Peter was the better man, even as he believed that no one else was.

Bob, and the rest of us, had heard tales of big money made by boxers in the United States, and of the clever fighters over there, and he was eager to have a chance at better men than those he was beating.

There wasn't enough in boxing in Australia to make a good day's wages and unless boxers had the backing of wealthy sportsmen who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AMERICA'S OLDEST REAL ESTATE HOUSE

Knowledge of Real Estate Values is the greatest essential in creating safe Real Estate Bonds

6½% *with* PROTECTION that cannot be duplicated

THE Optional Surety Guarantee developed by this company can and has been imitated, the methods used in safeguarding Adair Bonds can be followed step by step but there is one thing that cannot be copied—the knowledge of real estate values and conditions which this company has gained from sixty years experience.

This knowledge which forms the basis for scientific analysis of real estate values is the fundamental safeguard which protects investors in Adair Bonds.

Because the South today can offer a more profitable yield and because the House of Adair is recognized as the foremost authority on Southern real estate, Adair Protected Bonds afford an unusual investment opportunity, combining the highest degree of safety with attractive returns.

Mail the coupon today for a current offering yielding up to 6½%.

Unconditional Guarantee

These bonds may be unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by one of the strongest Surety Companies in America for a small annual premium.

MAIL COUPON

Adair Realty & Trust Co., Dept. L-14, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:—Please send me full information about your Surety Guarantee and current offerings of **Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds.**

Name .....

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Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House

Founded 1865 ATLANTA

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NEW YORK: Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Inc.

Ownership Identical

Win $1000!

25 Big Prizes!

1st Prize	$1,000
2nd Prize	$500
3rd Prize	$250
4th Prize	$125
5th Prize	$100
6th—10th Prizes	$50
11th—20th Prizes	$20
21st—25th Prizes	$10

Solve This Puzzle—Put Each Star in a Separate Room

We are sure you know these six famous Movie Stars, but can you put each Star in a separate room by drawing 3 straight lines? If you can do this, cut out this advertisement right away and send it t us with your full name and complete address. You will receive 100 "Points" toward the $1,000 Grand Prize for solving this Puzzle. As soon as we receive your solution we will tell you how easy it is to secure the additional "Points" to make you the big Winner.

Send No Money—Just Your Solution

Enter this contest to win. Your chance is as good as anybody's and think what you can do with $1,000 cash. 25 big cash prizes totaling over $2,000 will be decided December 19, 1925, and will be paid promptly. In case of a tie, the full amount of the Prizes tied will be paid each person tying. Every minute counts! **Don't miss this wonderful opportunity! Mail your Puzzle Solution to us today!**

PEERLESS PEN CORPORATION

600-630 S. Dearborn Street Dept. 17-67 **Chicago, Ill.**

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

wagered on them they received little. Hall had schemed to get to America. He had formed an attachment with a group of wealthy sporting men who had agreed to send him to the United States if he could show them he was a good fighter.

There were no really good men Hall could box to prove his claims and he went to Fitzsimmons and talked America to him, getting Bob all excited over it. He suggested a plan by which both could get over. Hall's plan was that he and Bob should box in private before the sportsmen, Hall was to win, and then he would get sufficient backing and take Bob over with him to the United States.

Fitz saw the chance and jumped at it. The match was held in private; there was no betting and nothing depended upon it except the good will of the sportsmen. Bob was quite as anxious to make Hall look good to his backers as Hall was to make a showing, and in the fourth round he acknowledged defeat, saying he was not a match for Hall, although he could beat him any time he desired.

THERE is one way to tell whether a boxing match is on the level or not and that is to see whether a boxer is trying to hit another on a vital spot. If he isn't he is framing or else is a bad boxer. Fitz was hitting Hall, but carefully avoided hitting him where it would knock him out, and he was laying himself open to the attack. The sportsmen were fooled completely and thought Hall was a great fighter, which he was not—as was shown later.

Fitz began to get ready for the trip to the States, but Hall and his friends quietly departed, leaving Bob behind. The betrayal hurt Fitz, who always hated a double-crosser or a disloyal person. Hall's friends and backers ridiculed Fitz, and declared Hall had beaten him without trouble, and that Bob was a poor boxer. Fitz, of course, couldn't say a word or reveal the trick played on him, but he boiled with rage. He came to me and said:

"Dan, hif Hi never do hanother thing hin my life, Hi'll whip 'All."

Fitz made good that threat, for a few years later he met Hall in New Orleans and knocked him cold in four rounds, showing no mercy on the man who had tricked him and grinning when Hall went down for the final count.

Fitz left Australia almost unnoticed and only a few of us who had worked with him knew what a great fighter he was. He reached San Francisco some time in 1889, unknown, friendless, and almost penniless.

Luck favored him. Billy McCarthy was then one of the most promising boxers of the country. Only a few months before Mc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For This Latest Model Imported JEWELED MOVEMENT WATCH

Runs 8 Days with One Winding

20 Year Guarantee

Only a down payment of 10c required and we make immediate shipment of this beautiful and serviceable watch.

WE TRUST YOU

Shipment Same Day. No References Needed.

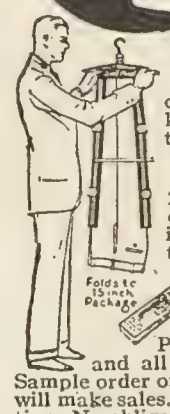
Elsewhere you would probably be required to pay upwards of $16 for a full-jeweled open face 8 Day watch of this quality. Our price reduced to $12 and you may pay it $1 per week.

Make first payment only to postman when he delivers package.

Send name and address at once. Our money back and 20 year guarantee protect you.

A. H. Deelite Co., 530 Broadway, New York

$11 85 clean Profit in 2½ Hours



That's what 33 new Salesmen did selling the New Stay-Prest Trouser Presser. High grade product—looks rich—sells quick—makes perfect sharp crease in any pants—removes baggy knees and wrinkles. Finished with imitation leather—all metal nickel plated.

New Sensation

250,000 sold first six months. Millions of prospects waiting for you—unlimited field—big repeater—men buy two to six and tell their friends.

FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Packed in handsome box. One Stay-Prest Complete. Demonstrating Case and all Selling Material Absolutely FREE. Sample order of ½ doz. on trial. We guarantee you will make sales. Write today and get Free Information. No obligation. Act quick. **THE GETGEY-JUNG CO., R-122 G & J Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

NEW VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE

ADDS · SUBTRACTS MULTIPLIES · DIVIDES

$2.95

Does all the work of a $300.00 machine, yet fits the vest pocket. Easy to operate—does any kind of figuring in a jiffy. The neatest and best constructed portable adding machine made.

Counts Clear Up to 999,999,999

Total visible at all times. A pull of the finger clears it. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Saves many times its cost by preventing mistakes.

10 Days' Trial **Send No Money.** Just your name and address and we will send machine postpaid. Pay postman on delivery $2.95. Use it 10 days to prove it does all we claim. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied. Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. Order your Ve-Po-Ad **now** from this ad.

Reliable Adding Machine Corp. Dept. 427, 184 W. Washington St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS Here's a money maker. Everybody wants one. Splendid profit. Write for special offer.

Agents $90 a Week

Big Winner. Just out. Complete line of waterproof aprons for men, women and children. Year-round demand. Show samples—housewives order on sight. Styles for every use. Best values in America. Direct from Akron, the rubber city. **100% Profit.** Mrs. Martin, W. Va., made $30.00 in one day. Jos. Brand, Ohio, made $10.43 in one hour. You can do as well.

FREE Outfit—to workers. New plan starts you without capital. No experience needed. Simply take orders. We deliver and collect. Commissions paid same day you take order. Send for exclusive territory and **Free Outfit Offer.** WRITE TODAY.

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You would be a better and happier man—if you were only able to "knock the block off" the man or the thing that stands in your way. AND YOU CAN! It's all just a matter of having PHYSICAL VIGOR AND FITNESS. My unusual System of Muscle Building and Promoting Physical Fitness is giving men new bodies for old. I am taking run down, pepless, forlorn men and women under my wing, studying their condition and instructing them by mail, at their own homes, all over the world, how to get the pink of physical perfection they are after.

BENNY LEONARD'S

HOME COURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING (AND BOXING)

Most of them are young or middle-aged men who were getting prematurely old until I took them in hand. Many are studying my course to learn the **Manly Art of Boxing and Self Defense.**

Many are getting BIGGER MUSCLES—huskier bodies—larger limbs—heavier necks, arms, chests—as a result of the scientific steps of development which I am pointing out to them. And many are forging ahead in business as a result of renewed pep and vitality, the singing, tingling body, which my physical culture course has given them.

Remember—that I didn't always have the perfect body I now have—once I was skinny and weak. I achieved the **Lightweight Championship of the World** as a result of first BUILDING BODILY PERFECTION for myself. What I did for myself I can do for **YOU.**

It is impossible to tell you all about my methods here. If you'll just send me your name and address on the little slip printed below, I will send you, free of charge, my wonderful booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," which tells you just why you should enroll under my personal instruction. Let me send you this free booklet—write for it NOW—THIS MINUTE—there's no obligation.

BENNY LEONARD, Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World, 123 W. 31st St., Dept. 9-0, New York, N. Y.

Send this coupon NOW—for my FREE BOOKLET—no obligation.

Benny Leonard, 123 W. 31st St., New York City, Dept. 9-0.

Please send me your free booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," without placing me under any obligation. I enclose 10c (in postage or coin) to cover costs.

Name.....

Age.....

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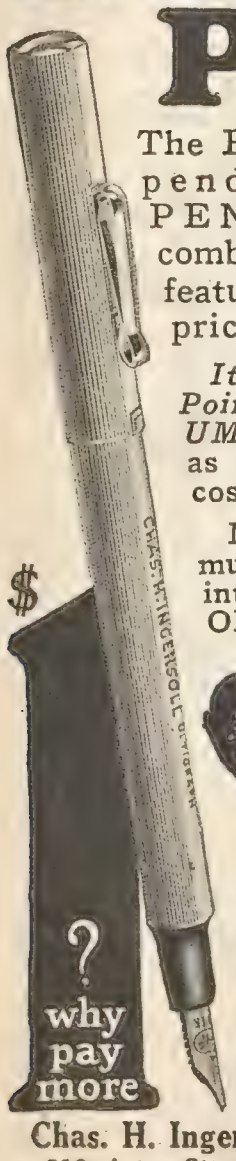
Chas. H. Ingersoll

EVERLASTING

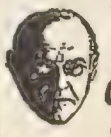
Dollar Pen



The FIRST truly dependable DOLLAR PEN ever produced, combining all the best features of HIGHEST priced pens.

Its 14 Karat GOLD Point and Hard IRIDIUM Tip are the *same* as used in other pens costing as much as $50!

Never before has so much value been packed into a pen priced at ONE DOLLAR.



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Ask Your Dealer—if he cannot supply you we will fill your order, charges prepaid, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Specify model—**Men's, Women's, Junior's.**

Dealers—Order a dozen at trade prices, guaranteed to meet your approval, or write for liberal proposition.

Chas. H. Ingersoll Dollar Pen Co.
810 Astor St., Newark, New Jersey

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Carthy had fought twenty-seven rounds with Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and had given the champion a hard battle.

Fitz found a boarding house, deposited his bundle of clothes, and inquired the way to the club. That was only a few days before the fight was to take place. He had been aboard ship for weeks on a slow and rough passage and had had no chance to train or do any boxing.

The appearance of Fitz at the gymnasium and his offer to go on against McCarthy got a big laugh, but the club was up against it for the windup of the boxing show, and after Bob had hung around for a time one of the managers suggested that they accept his offer.

"Let's put on the Kangaroo," he said. "We can explain to the crowd that he was the best we could get, and if he gets knocked out early the crowd won't blame us."

Less than a week after he came off the ship Fitzsimmons was in the ring against a man rated as a near-champion, and before a crowd that was jeering, laughing, and having fun with him, while the announcer was apologizing to the patrons for having put a novice against a great fighter.

BOB never had seen McCarthy box, knew nothing of American style of boxing except what he had learned through me from Peter Jackson, and yet he had no doubt as to the result. He felt out McCarthy for a couple of rounds, puzzled him with his queer, shambling style, and from the third on he started to fight. McCarthy was groggy and wild in the fifth and came near going out in the sixth. Bob finally finished him in the ninth and jumped out of the ring, leaving the crowd stunned with surprise.

Almost before anyone outside of San Francisco knew anything about him, Fitzsimmons was matched to meet Jack Dempsey, the great Nonpareil, one of the greatest fighters of that time.

Fitz's fight with Dempsey is history. It was a great battle, and Fitzsimmons fought almost as he did in every big fight. He was a slow starter, slow to warm up, and in the early rounds it looked as if Dempsey was beating him. Fitzsimmons got his man sized up before the sixth round, and from that on gained steadily, and knocked out Dempsey in the thirteenth round, after begging him to quit when he was helpless.

That fight took place in 1890. Less than a year after the time Bob landed, almost penniless and unknown, he was middleweight champion of the world and one of the best advertised fighters in history.

I came to America and joined

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take a course or do any studying. You can start right in next week to enjoy a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this is meant for you.

Your Profits Will Begin at Once

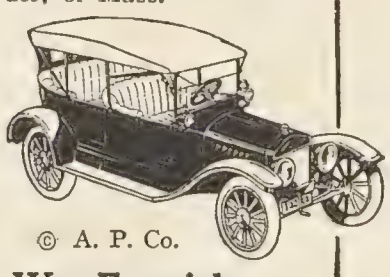
These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$32 Profit First Day
Mr. Jacob Myron, of Conn., reported those big earnings.

$20 Profit in 4 Hours
Mrs. J. F. Reilly, of W. Va., cleared $5 an hour in her first 4 hours of work.

$40 in 24 Hours
That's the record of Adolph Montoya, of N. M.

$13 Profit First Afternoon
was the result of the first work of B. Collander, of Mass.



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We offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

700 Men and Women Wanted at Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a clear profit for yourself of from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. Leonard Lemay, of Mich., made $15 his first afternoon; W. P. Stone, of Me., cleared $24 in 4½ hours; Edgar Morris, of Ohio, made $210 his first 2 weeks.

Amazing Profits for Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of "ZANOL" Products—the nationally advertised line of Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Perfumes, Household and Laundry Necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year, but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a Representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the "ZANOL" Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits, write now. We furnish you complete equipment for doing business, FREE. We tell you what to do. We help you get started quick and make big profits at once. You will have the same proposition that has meant thousands of dollars to E. S. Shelly, of Pa.; Mrs. Nona Kern, of Miss.; Edgar Banville, of Mass., and dozens of others.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time from $8 to $10 a day. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, dignified business that will bring you a bigger income than you ever thought possible.

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Albert Mills

President and General Manager

Dept. 4348, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name.....

Address.....

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Men! Here's a Contract

NEW HAIR in 30 Days Or Absolutely No Cost

Saves Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair. Here Is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days or This Trial Won't Cost You One Cent.

By Alois Merke, Founder Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

THAT'S clear, isn't it? I make no conditions. No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this offer stands. I don't care what treatments you have tried without results. Scalp foods, massages, tonics—here is a new scientific system that will give you a new head of hair—or I pay the whole cost of the treatment myself.

How am I able to make this amazing offer? The answer is simple. The Merke System of hair growth is founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant—asleep!

My scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp and gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starving dormant roots, and provides not only an efficient way of reviving and invigorating these inactive roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again.

It stimulates the dormant *roots*. It wakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature's own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hair foods—no rubbing. And here's the wonderful thing about this system. It is *simple*. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

This Is Your Bona-Fide Contract

Thousands of men and women have been treated successfully at the Merke Institute. Hundreds daily are getting amazing results with this easier, less expensive "at home" system of hair growth. Now, I do not say that all cases of baldness are curable. There are some that nothing in the world can help. Yet so many men and women write in daily about the wonderful results that I gladly make this offer. Here is your contract—try this remarkable treatment for 30 days. Then, if you're not simply delighted with the new growth of hair—write me at once. Say that my system hasn't done all I claimed for it—and I'll see that the 30-day trial doesn't cost you one cent.

Here's Proof!

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks' treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as any one could wish."—*Clarence Terpening, 158 South Cedar St., Galesburg, Ill.*

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out."—*J. C. Regan, 176 West Street, Englewood, N. J.*

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months and new hair seems to be coming in all the time."—*Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, N. Y.*

Free Booklet Tells All

There's no room here to tell you all about your hair—and about the amazing contract I offer you. But I will be glad to tell you all if you are interested. It's free—absolutely without any obligation. Just mail the coupon and I will send you, without cost, a wonderfully interesting booklet that describes in detail the system that is proving a boon to thousands in this and other countries. Mail this coupon and the booklet will reach you by return mail.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.,
Dept. 12910, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 12910, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Bob at his request in St. Louis and we went to New York together. From that time on I was his trainer, second, and adviser—and, better than that, his friend. It is something to have a friend as true as Bob was.

We went to New Orleans for the Sullivan-Corbett fight. An incident occurred there which had a great bearing on the future of two men—Corbett and Fitzsimmons. I believe the incident that happened right after Corbett knocked out the great old battler Sullivan did a great deal to make Fitz the heavyweight champion.

Bob was the best tempered, most docile man I ever have known—quick to forgive and forget. But he was sensitive in the extreme to intentional rebuffs; and those he never forgave, unless the offender offered an apology. You could do almost anything to Bob and say you were sorry, and he would condone the offense.

FITZSIMMONS was at the ringside. With him was Dominick O'Malley, chief of police of New Orleans. After the fight Fitzsimmons and the chief started for Corbett's dressing room to congratulate the new champion. Fitz was as happy as a boy. Near the dressing room they met a messenger carrying a telegram to Corbett.

"Let me 'ave the message," said Bob. "Hi'll give hit to Corbett."

They reached the door and knocked. Those inside paid no attention, and after rapping and rattling the doorknob several times Bob noticed the transom was open.

"Lift me hup, Dom," he said to the chief, who grabbed Bob by the legs until Fitz could reach the transom. "Congratulations," he said. "'Ere's a telegram for you."

But Corbett, who was sitting on a stool, turned his back and said something about not wanting to speak to "that something or other."

Fitzsimmons dropped down to the floor as if he had been hit, and walked away. When I met him later in the evening he was feeling blue and hurt. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me, and added:

"Dan, hif hit is the last thing Hi do in the world, Hi'll lick that fellow. 'E wouldn't speak to me, Dan. 'E wouldn't speak to me."

The five years between the time Corbett turned his back and refused to speak to the man who had sought to congratulate him and the fight at Carson City was filled with their feud. Fitzsimmons was a middleweight. In fact, there never was a time in his career when he fought over the old middleweight of one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, and he seldom, even when not training, passed the present middleweight limit of one hundred and sixty pounds. He was battling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A story that will take you as if by magic into the big spaces—the giant forests—where you lose self in the heartfilling romance of lovely and appealing Marian and young Tom Norwood, of the fourth generation of fur trading Norwoods, and his breath catching struggle with the mysterious and sinister being known to the Indians as
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By Mme. Jean

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Free Samples Send your name and address and we will send you Free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge and Kissproof Powder. Kindly enclose 10c to cover packing and mailing.

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc.,
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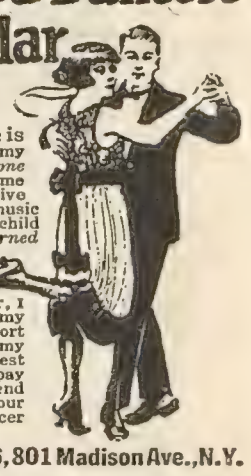

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To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, I will send you FREE in plain cover, my new illustrated booklet, "The Short Cut to Popularity" which describes my method in detail and in addition a Test Lesson from my famous course. To pay the cost of mailing, handling, etc., send 10c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act *now* and be a good dancer *soon!*

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How Football Players Get to College
By Bill Cunningham

It tells how, once upon a time, the big universities just "went out and got 'em"—then the practice became known as "proselyting"—now that, too, is frowned upon. From where, then, do the big gridiron "stars" come? Read "How Football Players Get to College"—an excellent article.

In Next Week's
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody
At All Newsdealers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

heavyweights, men over two hundred pounds, up to two hundred and twenty-nine, and knocking them cold, and all the time pointing toward a fight with Corbett.

The day the articles were signed for the battle at Carson City Bob was overjoyed. He jumped into training harder and with more purpose than for any fight he ever had, and there never seemed to be a doubt in his mind that he would beat Corbett.

Corbett's strong point was a wonderful left-hand punch, and in delivering it he turned his body slightly to add to the leverage of the blow. For just a flash, when the blow was starting, his body was exposed to an opponent's left hand. Bob and I had practiced it for years, I using Corbett's blow and Bob meeting it by shifting, suddenly drawing his right side back and at the same time driving his left to the body. If Corbett's left landed, Bob's body was swaying away, and the shift added to his own left which, if properly timed, landed on the exposed stomach.

OUR general plan was to let Corbett make the pace, to slow him down, and watch for a chance to counter that left-hand blow.

From the first round on we knew Bob would win that fight because he was getting stronger and better as he warmed up and could take anything Corbett had to give him, but Corbett was in better condition and really a better man than we expected him to be.

There have been so many descriptions of the blow that finished the championship of Corbett I want to tell what really happened. The usual version is that Fitz hit Corbett on the "solar plexus" with his left, and, as he doubled over, swung his right to the jaw. As a matter of fact, Fitz did not hit Corbett with the right at all. From his position it was impossible to use the right.

Fitz hit Corbett twice with his left, and the blow that finished him was the first left to the pit of the stomach, the blow we had practiced for five years to counter Corbett's left hand.

Bob was pressing in slowly and Corbett was dancing away when Corbett moved his shoulders slightly to the right, the unconscious signal he was going to swing his left. Fitz shifted like a flash, his right side dropping back and his left swinging forward as he swung his left. Corbett's left landed lightly just as Fitz's left sunk in the pit of his stomach, the muscles protecting it being relaxed. As Corbett doubled forward Fitz hit him again with the left, on the side of the head, which helped to drop him. The first blow was the one that really put him out, while the second finished him.

That was, I believe, Fitzsim-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Constipation	Wind Colic	To Sweeten Stomach
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That hard smooth round ball like point, which glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes possible writing in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

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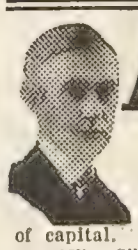

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Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 Dinner Served in English Grill and Blue Room. Sunday Dinner in Venetian Room, $2.00. Club Breakfast 85c and $1. Dinner Dance in Blue Room, nightly (except Sunday) from 7 p. m. to 1 a. m.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

mons' best fight—and, although only a few of us knew it, his last great effort. He was beginning to slip even then, although he had worked into perfect condition for the battle and was near his best.

The next two years were busy, without much great action. Jeffries, the big, hulking boy who had been sparring partner in Corbett's camp at Carson City, was beginning to loom up as the formidable contender. He was big, lumbering, powerful, and not a good fighter. His strength and bulk made him a hard man to beat, and he was far too big for Bob in his condition at that time.

Jeffries kept begging for a match, and Bob must have known that to match himself against the big fellow meant the loss of the title. We talked about it, and Bob asked:

"'Ow much money would a fight with Jeff bring me?"

"A match like that ought to bring you thirty thousand," I said, "if you think the title isn't worth any more. You're all shot as a fighter."

"Hi might fool you," he said. "And—Hi need the money."

"If you need it that much, go ahead," I replied.

THE match was made soon afterwards. In spite of what happened I have an idea Bob thought he might pull through and land a punch that would topple over the big fellow.

With hands and feet gone and unable to get into condition, not able to train properly, at least forty years old, and weighing more than seventy pounds less than his opponent, Bob gave Jeff the drubbing of his life in that fight. Bob weighed just under one hundred and fifty-nine pounds and Jeffries scaled two hundred and twenty-nine when they met at Coney Island.

Round after round Bob battered the big fellow and escaped almost untouched. Jeffries couldn't hit him and Bob could not knock the big fellow off his feet. Bob's hands caved, and his right was badly smashed. It was a hopeless fight from the sixth round. Bob didn't dare hit with that right with three knuckles broken, and he was wearing out. When the eleventh came Fitz was all in and just dropped his arms and took it for the finish.

He wasn't marked and was scarcely hit during the battle.

Fitz fought after that, of course. In fact, he fought and won more fights after that than these modern champions ever have. He kept fighting until 1914; but as a champion he was done. He was merely using his ring generalship and cleverness, and getting the money.

He spent his last years at Dunellen, New Jersey, trying to teach youngsters to box, devoting his time to Young Bob, his son, making a fighter of him.

THE END

MUSSELMAN CERTIFIED Radio Tubes

WHEN we say CERTIFIED we mean that with each Musselman Tube is inclosed a certified serially numbered characteristic curve slip, giving the exact factory tested data on that particular tube. This takes all guesswork out of tube buying and gives you a guaranteed perfect tube. No other tube on the market offers you this vital feature. Experts tell us Musselman tubes are the best tubes made. Judge their louder, clearer reception and longer life by ordering a set from your dealer today.

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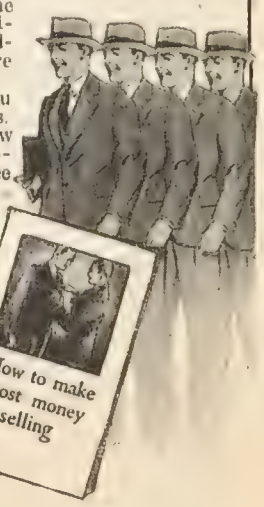

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How to make most money selling

Wins Liberty's *First Weekly* $1,000 Reward *for* Bravery

New Jersey State Policeman Gets Money and Gold Medal for Heroism in Battle with Bandits

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS each week for deeds of bravery! This is Liberty's newest offer. It is open to every resident of the United States and Canada—man or woman, boy or girl—and the deed for which the money is given may have been performed anywhere in the world.

If you know of anyone who has done a courageous thing and would like to see him or her properly rewarded, write a letter to Liberty about it. Give names, addresses, dates, places.

For the greatest deed of heroism which comes to its attention Liberty will pay, each week, $1,000 in cash. The $1,000 will be paid to the person or persons who performed the deed. In addition, Liberty will present to each winner a gold medal inscribed "For Bravery."

If the act was performed by more than one person, and Liberty so determines, the $1,000 reward will be divided equally among the winners. If the winner shall have given his life in the performance of the deed, Liberty reserves the right to pay the money to the widow, children, or any other beneficiary who, in its judgment, may deserve it.

To the person who informs Liberty of the winning deed each week, an award of $100 in cash will be paid. All information must be sent by letter. If more than one person writes about the same deed, the $100 will be paid to the person who sends the most complete information.

All letters should be addressed "HEROES," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

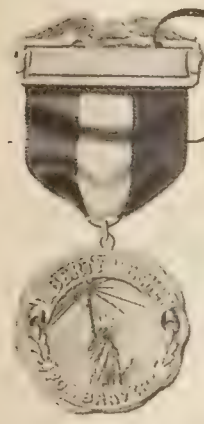
Every week the names of winners will be published in Liberty, together with stories of the winning incidents. Here is the first—the story of Trooper Horace E. Rankine of the New Jersey State Police and the dashing courage which won for him Liberty's first hero award. Trooper Rankine has been given special permission (as required by the New Jersey law) to accept it, but Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, commanding the troopers, declines the $100 to which he is entitled as the source of information. Liberty has asked him to name some charity as the recipient.

P. & A. Photo.

TROOPER HORACE E. RANKINE of the New Jersey State Police, winner of Liberty's first $1,000 reward for bravery. Rankine is a veteran of the World War and is the holder of the State Police Certificate of Merit, bestowed upon him by his commanding officer for his praiseworthy work.

Horace Rankine Gets His Men

By RILEY BARNES



TROOPER RANKINE dismounted from his motorcycle in front of the barracks of the New Jersey State Police at Hammonton, and regarded its dilapidated appearance. The handlebars were somewhat askew and the rear fender was twisted. One of the pedals was out of commission and the headlight and speedometer were broken. He went into the office and wrote his report.

"At one-fifteen this afternoon I was ordered to pick up a stolen motor car on White Horse Turnpike. I encountered the car, and following instructions, stopped it and arrested its occupants."

He signed it: "Horace E. Rankine, Trooper." He handed it to his sergeant, who said nothing, went to the washroom, whisked his uniform clean and washed. Then he borrowed a stick of gum from a fellow trooper and sat down.

"They ought to widen the White Horse," he observed after some thought. "Isn't wide enough. Somebody going to be hurt some day."

Camden, New Jersey, had been beset by young desperadoes who had attacked banks, pay roll messengers, grocery stores, and garages. They would swoop down upon the town and make clear escapes; and South Jersey was frightened.

On the afternoon of which we write, the State Police telephone at Hammonton conveyed the news that two men had held up a garage.

"They left in a car that can do seventy miles and they're traveling toward Atlantic City," said Camden. "They rode the cops off the road at Haddonfield and almost killed one. They broke down barricades near Berlin and ought to be at Hammonton any minute."

Trooper Rankine set forth toward Camden on a motorcycle which could do seventy-five miles an hour without protest and had traveled about a quarter of a mile when an automobile with two men in it appeared, going sixty miles an hour.

The motor car's occupants swerved the car at Trooper Rankine and he drove up the steep embankment at the side of the road. He opened his throttle as he went up, came down in a hairpin turn, and was on the road facing in the direction opposite to that from which he had come.

The car had cleared Hammonton at a sixty-five-mile gait. Trooper Rankine followed through Hammonton. A car came up the road, forcing the fleeing automobile to cut over and slow down. Trooper Rankine gave his motorcycle all the gas and almost leaped to within ten yards of the car. He had to use his right hand to regulate his speed but he drew his gun with his left. By this time the pursuit had reached Egg Harbor City and shooting then would have endangered the lives of innocent people.

They blurted through Egg Harbor City. They reached the southern edge of town abreast. Trooper Rankine leveled his gun and shouted to stop. But before Trooper Rankine could shoot, the car swerved against his motorcycle.

The trooper and his wheel made several revolutions through the air. He landed in a sitting position. The motorcycle was in the ditch. The engine was still going. Trooper Rankine tried to rise and found he could. He dragged the motorcycle out of the ditch. The chase was on again.

Something had gone wrong with the car. It was slowing down. In three minutes he was almost on top of the car. There were no shots from the car. Rankine wondered at that. Later it was found that the youths he was chasing had lost their ammunition and thrown away their guns; but he didn't know that.

Again they rode him into the ditch but this time there was no contact. Rankine rode in and out again and he came out shooting. His third shot struck the left front tire. The car swerved but was still doing fifty-five miles an hour.

Rankine was shooting with his inexpert left hand. He is right-handed. He couldn't release the control and his right hand clenched that. His pistol was empty. He would have to reload.

He dropped back again but only to the back of the car. If he rode close up and directly behind, a shot could not reach him.

He tucked the gun, butt forward, under his right arm and with his left hand he loaded the magazine. Then he came out of his shelter and renewed the attack. It would have been simple enough to have killed both bandits. But they were not firing at him, and he couldn't kill coldly.

This time his first shot punctured the right front tire. The car swerved, left the road, and head-on hit a tree. Rankine leaped from his motorcycle, letting it go where it would. He landed on his feet five or six paces from the tree.

One of the bandits had been thrown clear. He was not hurt. The other was still behind, and under the steering wheel. He, almost miraculously, had not been injured either.

Both men threw their hands up. Trooper Rankine handcuffed them together. Then he searched them for weapons. There was none. Then he marched them down the road to a farmhouse from which he telephoned to Hammonton.

"Send a car for the prisoners."

He rode back on his motorcycle.

Next Week

ANOTHER $1,000 HERO

Who Will It Be?

Editors and Reporters—NOTE: *The $100 award will be paid each week for the best "tip." Write us!*

CARIA

A Powerful Serial of Conflict —and the Love Affairs of an Ambitious Woman

By

HORATIO WINSLOW

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

WHO'S WHO IN THE THIRD INSTALLMENT

CARIA, *the erstwhile belle of West Waunette, has come to the University of Wisconsin, where she passes a large part of her Freshman year unnoticed. Realizing that if she could get into a sorority, her beauty and charm would soon win her an enviable place in the social life of the college, Caria breaks her engagement with*

ROLLIE OLIVER, *a nonentity, and is promptly sought out by*

HUNGRY HOOPER, *the college poet, an idealist and dreamer, yet notable for his "go-getting" qualities. By means of a clever stratagem directed at Mrs. Penny, influential alumna of the Epsilon sorority, he gets Caria an invitation to join the organization. Caria, now successfully launched, neglects Hungry, who realizes too late that he has cooked his own goose and that Caria has merely used him as a stepping stone. His wrath is somewhat appeased, however, when she asks him to the Epsilon formal. Among the other expected guests is*

WILLET GAMM, *whom Caria secretly and hopelessly admires from afar, he being rich and handsome, a member of the Lambda fraternity, and one of the most popular men at Wisconsin. Others on the list are*

CHUCK BAGBY, *a member of the Rho fraternity, and two of Willet's fraternity brothers,*

EMMO SHANE, *an all-around star in football, debates, and studies, and*

SUDS HYLER, *none of whom, with the exception of Willet and Emmo, has any intention of going to the Epsilon dance. Suds has agreed to phone Willet at 10:30 to say that the latter's father is in town and must see him immediately.*

THE SUBJUGATION OF WILLET

Whenever and wherever they can gather them together
In a cave or in a castle, on a mat or a divan,
They do not discuss the tariff or the cosmos or the weather,
But they giggle to hysterics at the foolishness of man. —CO-ED LYRICS.

8 P. M., Night of the Epsilon Formal, the Epsilon House.

CARIA had come to the House to await the carriages and to enjoy the nervous tensity which preceded the great event. She caught tags of conversation:

"How many more men than girls?"

"Almost double."

"They won't have a good time."

The sister in charge of the music and decoration committee pursed her lips together. "I hope they *don't* have a good time," she said viciously. "Many a miserable time they've given me. Here's where I get back at them."

"Willet Gamm coming?"

Caria thrilled.

"He'll probably drop in and look us over."

Caria settled back in her corner. She was, she felt, looking very nice, indeed.

She had remade the dress in which she had been graduated from the Willowoc High School. In its new form, it was simple, yet much more effective. For a belt she had taken the white satin graduation sash and cut off the ends until it fitted her waist nicely. On this belt, at intervals of two inches, she had sewed clusters of forget-me-nots. The whole had been achieved at the minimum of cost. The one extravagance was a pair of slippers bought for the occasion. She had looked long at her graduation cape of blue eiderdown, but in the end had renounced it for her old street coat. That cape was a little too "terrible." After all, the sisters were to be taken to the hall in their own carriages, unescorted.

But all this splendor paled before a single glory which outshone the rest put together. The night before, thanks to the sweetly solemn initiation ceremony composed by Sister Genevieve Potts, Michigan '95, Caria had become a full-fledged Epsilon. On her dress for the first time glistened the official pin. From time to time Caria put up her hand to feel the pin and realize that her dream had become real.

9 P. M., Night of the Epsilon Formal, Hall over the Palace of Sweets.

"Enjoying it, Caria?"

"It's simply heavenly, Hungry!"

"Well, have a good time; it's coming to you."

"I'll never forget what you've done for me, Hungry; never."

"You don't think four dances is too many; I don't count the first because we hardly got started?"

"You know, Hungry, I'd give you all of them, if they'd let me."

To Caria, this wonderland, of which she was a part, glowed more entrancingly than the Prom itself. And yet, as often as she stopped to think seriously, Caria sighed under her breath and came near to a grimace. In spite of all precautions every single one of her dances had been engaged: if Willet Gamm did come there would be nothing for him.

"Are you really happy, Caria? Satisfied?"

"Oh, Hungry, you just can't imagine!"

9:30 P. M. Night of the Epsilon Formal. The Sidewalk in Front of "Ferdy's."

"Hello, Willet, old scout!"

"Come on in and have a drink, Willet."

With stern reproof, Willet stared at his

HE turned to see Mrs. Penny at his elbow, her face set in quiet horror. "Mr. Gamm; you are wanted at once, at the telephone."

brother in Lambda Lambda Lambda and the accompanying Rho.

"I thought you were going to study mechanics tonight."

Suds Hyler had lost his blithe expression. He seemed aggrieved about something. On the other hand, the long and solemn visage of Mr. Bagby had assumed a ghastly smile as much out of place as a cheer leader on a pyramid.

"Just one little drink, Willet."

"A glass of seltzer," said Willet with biting emphasis, when ranged before the bar. "You said you were spending the evening in, and here you are spending it out."

"No, I'm not spending it out, Willet. Me and Chuck are studying. How about it, Chuck; are we studying mechanics tonight or not?"

Still smiling fixedly, Mr. Bagby consumed that which he had ordered, and, with gruesome cheer, repeated, "Mechanics. Studying mechanics. That's the dope."

Willet's heart misgave him, but a broken reed is better than no reed at all.

"Now, listen, Suds, and get this straight: the Epsilon Formal—at half-past ten you call up and say my father's dropped into town between trains and has got to see me right off. If you don't get me, say so."

Brother Hyler did not reply directly.

"The trouble with you, Willet," he said, in a grieved voice, "is that you haven't any confidence in your fraternity brothers. You can have perfect confidence in me, Willet, and if you don't believe it, ask Chuck, because he's my best friend, and he ought to be a Lambda, and if you ask him he'll tell you that you haven't any business being pejorative when I'm studying mechanics——"

Mr. Bagby cut short the peroration by the simple expedient of catching Brother Hyler by the collar and walking him toward the door.

"Come on, old Spooforius," he said.

From the sidewalk Willet followed the scholars' progress, if such it might be called, while a young man about town, also present, commented cryptically, "Oh, mamma, what a lovely one."

Willet looked down Carrol Street in the direction of the Palace of Sweets and the Epsilon Formal. Then, sick with foreboding, he walked slowly in the opposite direction.

10 P. M. The Formal in Full Swing.

"I shouldn't wonder if we'd have a good team next year, but you can't always tell, because sometimes things look awful good in the spring and in the fall they look different."

Caria's vagrant fancies came back to the Little Boy by her side. "Yes," she said, with an effort to appear pensive, "I never thought of that before, but it's true."

SHE was merely making conversation with the Little Boy and waiting for the next dance to begin. It would be the first of Hungry's four; and in the absence of Willet Gamm, Hungry appealed to her more than anybody else present.

"For two years I was practically a substitute on the Fort Atkinson High School baseball team, and I remember one game——"

Caria caught her breath while the words of the Little Boy died away in infinite space. From the door of the smoking room there had emerged a Superior Being.

His evening clothes were just a little more dress-suity than any others present; his vest was a sonnet in gray; his shoes, neither pointed nor square, shone with a distinctive luster. It was Willet Gamm, a martyr to those higher obligations which have made humanity what it is today.

Breathless, Caria watched him pass the chaperons, bending with just the right angle of deference for Mrs. Penny and the others. Then, cheeks slowly flushing, she followed him while, in the tow of the pretty blonde senior, he was led up to those of the Epsilons whom he had not met.

Caria's heart throbbed painfully. To her sharpened senses it was evident that the Great Man was bored; yes—bored; and she knew it. In spite of that graceful air of interest, he was bored. In his present mood, no doubt, he would be bored at meeting her.

It was a crushing thought. As the moment of introduction approached she feverishly pressed her lips between her teeth and moistened them with her tongue. Then, opening her eyes a little wider, she began feverishly to converse with the nonentity by her side.

"Caria."

She looked around with an assumption of calm surprise.

"Caria, dear, may I present Mr. Gamm?"

They looked at each other and with that glance the Great Man's eyes changed, beaming with a sort of idiot surprise. Vanished was all that boredom of two seconds before; Willet had the air of an infant waking to a spring morning.

Caria reached out languid fingers and in a voice as weary as it was worldly remarked, "So pleased, Mr. Gamm."

Their hands met, producing a magnetic dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Two brushings a day

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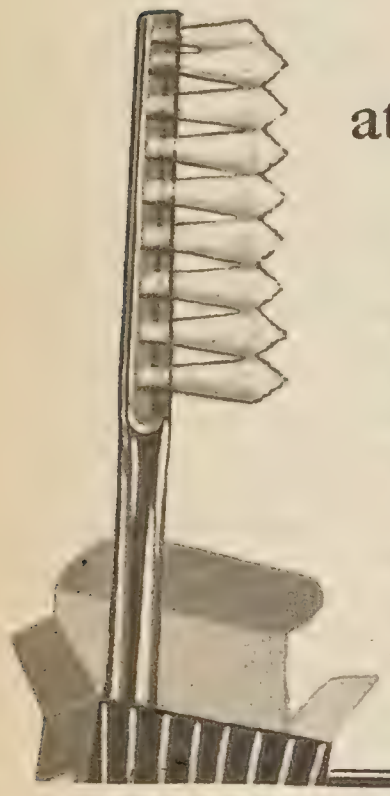

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

turbance which might be rendered typographically by:

Two exclamation points.
Three dots.
Five rows of stars.

The Formal: Second Phase.

WILLET descended from the empyrean.

"Well, you're not half as pleased as I am. How about a chance for a two-step?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gamm, I'm really terribly sorry, but all my dances are taken."

He ran his finger down the list. "Who's this? Hooper? He's got four."

Hungry was appearing to claim that which was his. Willet awaited him amiably.

"Hello, Hooper. Mighty glad to see you again. How's the boy? Listen, I wonder if you could let me have one of these dances?"

Now was the moment for Hungry to bear himself in the manner of a perfect gentleman. Thus doing, and with an air of polite but slightly amused disdain, he might have triumphed. Instead he let his heart pound and his hands tingle while he stared malevolently.

"What's the matter, Gamm? Can't you get anybody to dance with you?"

Calmly courteous and immeasurably superior, Willet explained. "Unavoidable accident—came a little late; that's why I'm trying to find someone who wants to share a dance or two with me."

Hungry turned to Caria. "I have four of your dances; do you want me to share them with him?"

She stuttered a confused negative, but Hungry's eyes X-rayed the deception.

"Take this one," he said, and abruptly sought the smoking room.

A half hour later, when Willet came to claim her for the second time, Caria protested. "But I have this with Mr. Hooper."

"Hooper's beat it," said Willet calmly.

"Oh, he hasn't."

"Maybe not, but anyhow he isn't here."

Willet was right. In the middle of his first and last Epsilon Formal, Hungry had gone out under the remote and unpitying stars, without shaking the patronesses by their hands and without a word to Caria. To sum up, he had acted in that peculiarly silly, hot-headed, and self-destructive fashion so popular with poets. And all because he understood what was happening much better than either Caria or Willet Gamm.

"He must have been taken ill . . . suddenly," observed Caria. "I do hope it's not serious. . . . Isn't the floor lovely? . . ."

The Formal: Concluded.

Midnight had come and passed and the last dance was manifestly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

about to begin. It had been Hungry's: it was Willet's.

The latter roused himself from a dream fatuous beyond imagining and with the smile of the simple and the happy started toward Caria.

"Mr. Gamm."

He turned to see Mrs. Penny at his elbow, her austere face set in quiet horror.

"Yes, Mrs. Penny."

"Mr. Gamm; you are wanted at once, at the telephone."

"But——"

"I will explain to your partner," said Mrs. Penny with decision. "This is more important."

Willet looked toward Caria and then succumbed to the influence by his side.

"Mr. Gamm, let me prepare you for a shock."

"What—what——"

"The person who wishes to speak to you over the telephone is very near to you." A pause. "Mr. Gamm"—the voice was sepulchral—"Mr. Gamm; it is your grandfather."

"My grandfather?"

"He dropped into town between trains and he says he must see you at once."

For the first time Willet realized what had happened. "I'll speak to him," he said in a voice which by no stretch of the imagination could be described as filial.

Mrs. Penny reached out a detaining hand.

"One last word, Mr. Gamm. I suggest that you go in person and find him."

"But——"

"I don't wish to go into details, Mr. Gamm, but I feel that I may permit myself to state that your grandfather *needs* you."

"What——"

"Allow me to be personal, Mr. Gamm: has anything happened to your grandfather recently? Some nervous shock?"

Willet shook his head; then, despite his better judgment, plumped out the question nearest his heart.

"What did this—I mean, what did my grandfather say over the phone?"

Mrs. Penny closed her eyes. "I don't wish to repeat it, Mr. Gamm. I can only remark that your grandfather gave every evidence of being in a *state*—a very peculiar *state*."

Willet's fists tightened; he felt the perspiration starting from his forehead. "But what did he say, Mrs. Penny? Did he—did he——"

Mrs. Penny's face hardened.

"Your grandfather said, Mr. Gamm (remember, I am quoting his exact words), your grandfather said, 'I want Willet to come to the barroom of the Park Hotel at once, because I am about to deliver my celebrated temperance lecture, Ten Nights in a Seltzer Bottle'—that is what your grandfather said, Mr. Gamm."

"I'll get him out of his state," said Willet, in a toothbound whisper, and with long steps he started down the stairway to the telephone.

Before he came back, the orchestra was playing the last bars of Home, Sweet Home. The Epsilon Formal was over.

Epilogue to the Epsilon Formal.

TO avoid disputes the Epsilons had gone as they had come, in their own carriages and unescorted. Letting his brothers proceed down State Street, Willet turned to the midnight on Mifflin.

His eyes were still filled with Caria, and in his arms he could feel the tingle that had come to him at that first two-step. Caria . . . what name . . . it was like a song . . .

He had reached the corner of Mifflin and Pinckney, when two dark figures, rising from a sitting position on the curb, removed their hats and, facing Willet, burst into the Wisconsin Hymn. Willet's rhapsody gave place to a justified anger.

"A fine bunch you are," he said bitterly.

The song ceased, while Mr. Bagby exploded with incomprehensible merriment. Brother Hyler raised his right arm in an impressive gesture. There was a sob in his voice as he said, "Willet, I did exactly what you said——"

"I said *father*—f-a-t-h-e-r."

"Father or grandfather—it's the same thing, Willet. You'll be a grandfather some day yourself, Willet, and then you'll understand. And I told them what you said, and I made it strong, and you were pejorative, Willet; you were pejorative over the telephone. I said to Chuck, 'Willet is pejorative,' I said. How about, it, Chuck?"

Enveloping Willet in his long arms, Mr. Bagby dragged him solemnly into the middle of Mifflin Street. Here, through cupped hands and in a voice that wavered between a hoarse whisper and Shouts from Without, he confided into Willet's right ear.

"I'm putting you wise," he said. "Don't tell him I told you, but Old Spooforius has got a Little Start."

"Quit your kidding," said Willet, with pointed sarcasm.

Twisting loose, Willet returned to Brother Hyler.

"Did I tell you to drag my grandfather into this business? Did I say anything about a temperance lecture in a barroom? Did I——"

"You used words, Willet, pejorative words. Your attitude was pejorative. It was a very pejorative attitude."

WHILE Suds, dropping down on the curb, covered his face with his hands, Mr. Bagby resumed his confiding stranglehold. Willet disentangled himself to return a second time to the charge.

"What did you think you were doing, anyhow?"

"I was giving an imitation of your grandfather, Willet. I never saw your grandfather, but I knew he was probably a good old man who spent his life helping others, so that when that Epsilon answered the phone I said, 'Little girl,' I said; 'little girl——'"

Willet groaned.

"And then, when you came to the phone, Willet, you were pejorative and you called me an eppebeh."

"A what?"

"An eppebeh—over the phone, so the Central could hear every word, you called me an eppebeh."

With the last word Suds began a violent sobbing.

"What does he mean by 'eppebeh'?"

Mr. Bagby checked a stentorian burst of laughter to explain.

"Old Spooforius can' pronounce right, because he's got a Little Package. But what he means is 'epithet.'"

Suds raised his head. "That's the word—eppebeh. Over the phone you said I was a 'pye-eyed souse,' and it was an eppebeh, Willet. And there you were, dancing with nature's fairest flowers, and you called me——"

Willet caught his brother in Lambda Lambda Lambda under the left arm and, unexpectedly, his anger left him. Moved by a wave of celestial compassion, he looked down at Suds. For he saw that, in the light of the evening's revelation, all that which had been exercising him was trivial and without significance.

Suddenly and clearly he knew he had discovered why the morning star dances for joy, why sap runs, and why little birds split their throats with singing. He felt sorry not only for the two pot-companions but also for the entire population of Madison, Wisconsin, and all the rest of the terrestrial globe. He sensed a kindliness, a pity, for that inferior race about him which groveled in the grip of common, earthy emotions.

Placing Suds on one side and the Rho on the other, he propelled the two revelers toward their beds.

II.

AFTER a heated discussion with the landlady, the sisters kidnaped Caria from her obscure boarding house and installed her with the rest of the Epsilons.

At the Epsilon House she was given as roommate a sweet girl from Evanston who had traveled many times between Chicago and Madison without ever being insulted by a fresh traveling man. The sweet girl from Evanston was a little trying, but she had Manners. For this and other good reasons, Caria bore with her.

Turning as mild and conciliatory as once she had shown herself haughty and unapproachable, Caria accepted the ways of the sisterhood, and, being a Freshman, opened and shut doors, answered telephones, and did everything possible to conciliate one and all. In a word, she acted exactly as, under similar circumstances, Willet Gamm would have acted. *And* she observed.

Caria's easy triumph astounded her; yet, since unquestionably she had the upper hand, she resolved to stifle her surprise and to maintain her advantage.

. . . . . Yes, Willet had fallen. With many a sprightly jest and many a seasoned thrust his condition was greeted by his brothers in Lambda Lambda Lambda.

"What's the matter with the potatoes, Willet? You're not eating enough to keep a fly alive. Going to give me your dessert? You don't seem to care much for desserts lately. Listen, Willet, *she's* going to the Rho dance tonight. Why not burn down the Rho House or something?"

To these gibes Willet replied not at all; he brooded. And the more he brooded the more despondent he got.

For the triumph was altogether Caria's. Though deeply impressed, she was not in love with Willet. She liked Willet. In spite of the geographical difference between Chicago and West Waunette, she saw that they were brother and sister under their skins. He was not a meek and serviceable Golden Little Boy, but he had other things much in his favor.

"They have the idea," said Caria to herself, after the sorority's post-mortem on the Formal, "that he's not interested in anything but clothes. I know better. He's like me. He keeps things to himself. For instance, he pretends to like everybody, but he doesn't, any more than I do. I like him, but I mustn't let him know it. I must wait and look around and see what's best to do."

And what was Willet? Who was he, to obtain the suffrages of all the young ladies of the great institution of learning?

There is a natural aristocracy taking precedence over all other: to this Willet belonged.

True, he had prospects. His father, a Chicago doctor, was reported to wield the scalpel only in his lighter moments, his main interest being Big Deals in real estate. But though Willet, as an only child, was to receive, on grad-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT was evident that the Great Man was bored; yes—bored.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 47]

uation, a present of something between ten thousand dollars and a million, his future wealth formed only a small part of his charm.

To begin with, he knew how to wear clothes. His postage stamp cap was smaller than any other on the campus; his coat shorter; his pegtop trousers pegtoppier; his overcoat more embracing. Yet, strange as it may seem, Willet never had the air of a vulgar extremist. If his apparel was intense, it was also elegant. He produced the illusion of The Scholar in His Hours of Ease; his imitators, after they had done their best, were merely Young Whiffets Too Much Dressed Up.

But Willet had other qualities. Although he never said anything new nor anything witty, he never said anything unpleasant. He liked everybody—or so it appeared from his conversation. And how wholesouledly he laughed at other people's jokes, and how gravely sympathetic he was when the moment demanded sympathy.

All these things, too, the young ladies had observed and more or less discreetly admired.

Yet he, whose heart had never missed a beat before a thousand mute adorations and appeals, was now suffering from emotional chills and fever because of Caria.

III.

IT was just before final examinations and there had been a dance at the Lambda House.

All the evening Caria had perceived Willet to be in a state of agitation. She knew that the hour of her triumph had arrived and, luxuriously, she tried to postpone the climax as long as possible. When the conversation threatened to grow serious she turned it deftly into another channel.

He had brought her to the very door of the Epsilon House before his desperation became definite.

"Caria!"

There was no mistaking that tone.

"Why, what is it, Willet?"

"Caria—about—about the Prom next year."

It was an unwritten law of the Lambdas that imported queens only should grace a Lambda Prom House Party; no co-eds need apply. Caria bit her lips to steady herself; when she spoke, her voice, altogether noncommittal, gave no sign of her triumph.

"Yes?"

"Well, I—I—Caria, suppose you and—suppose we go together."

Caria opened her eyes wider than their usual wideness and became visibly formal.

"Don't you think it's a little early to talk about that now?"

It wasn't at all what she had planned to say. The words came unsought; but at once she perceived that no surer, shrewder blow could have been struck.

Willet stood obviously aghast: a Lambda Prom bid refused? Impossible.

"But Caria, it's—I don't see why it's too early. I—why, you——"

Caria shook her head.

"It's against my principles," she said in a low voice, "to decide anything so far in advance. You might change your mind, but you'd feel bound to go with me just the same; and that wouldn't be pleasant for either of us."

"Why, no, of course not—I couldn't change my mind," he protested miserably. "I want you to go with me. Why not?"

Gravely and considerately Caria explained her new-found reasons.

"Caria . . . Caria . . . Look here."

She looked. On the palm of his hand glistened the golden triangle of Lambda Lambda Lambda. Its center, a rubyish heart, was pointed by a tiny diamond.

"Yes, it's your new Lambda pin. It's very pretty—gorge."

She reveled as she realized the power and scope of the Higher Strategy.

"But, Caria—here."

"You certainly don't wish me to take it?"

"I certainly do. Caria, I want you to take it—wear it—keep it."

Now was the moment of victory and of loot. Like one-half the sisters she, too, would have a fraternity pin to wear openly or concealed; and, supreme triumph, the fraternity pin would be Willet's. But the Higher Strategy stood between.

"Really, it's lovely of you and I—a—appreciate the honor you're doing me but—I couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"I don't know you well enough," said Caria firmly.

All Willet's arguments smashed against this stone wall. Then, minutes later when, baffled and beaten, he left the Epsilon front porch it was with the air of an affectionate spaniel whose advances have been met by the toe of a boot.

"Good-night," said Caria.

"Good-night . . . only—only you think it over," insisted the despairful Willet.

"Good-night."

She closed the door without even looking back at the desolation she had wrought.

IV.

"I HOPE you're making the most of your time, Carrie. Never had much chance to get an education myself; that's why I used to say to your mother, 'Carrie's got to have the best there is.' And we begun saving."

During the period of an Oshkosh house party in early September she saw her father for the first and last time in eleven and a half months of absence. She felt relieved when he took the train back to West Waunette.

It was a triumphal summer for Caria. The Epsilon house parties and invitations ranged from Superior to Kenosha and cost, as far as Caria was concerned, nothing but railroad fares, ice cream sodas, occasional boxes of candy, and bread-and-butter letters.

In the matter of gowns she had made herself a half dozen summer dresses of colored lawn, dimity, grenadine, and organdie. Sleeveless, yokeless, trimmed with the same material, they were worn with a single lace gimp and black velvet ribbon sash. So equipped, at a modest thirty dollars outlay, she plundered the provinces of hearts. At Racine she had the satisfaction of again putting Willet in his place. At Milwaukee and again at Janesville she was practically engaged (one of them was a senior at Princeton), and at Fond du Lac a widower wept all over a long, moonlit front porch when, after formally proposing, he was as formally rejected.

Caria came back to the Epsilon House as a child to its home. It was hers now, really hers, and she experienced a sense of proprietorship. She felt she had always lived there.

Making the best sorority on the campus and having the most attractive man at the university fall for her are still not enough for Caria. Her social aspirations are unbounded, and she is in a fair way to realize them, when a sudden disaster brings her affairs to a crisis. Read about it in Liberty next week.

The Family Dinner Menu *and Its* Service

By Ethel M. Somers

PERHAPS the world's greatest pedestrian is the woman in her home! "Thousands of women in all parts of the country walk the equivalent of a cross-country hike from Boston to Seattle every year and many others almost complete the return trip without ever leaving their own homes," concludes a survey of the housewife's indoor mileage, made with pedometers, by one of our State universities.

A goodly portion of this trip is traveled in the preparation of the family meal, in part, of course, of necessity, but some needlessly. Efficiency experts agree there is no waste equal that from an ineffective motion with its resulting fatigue. Consider, therefore, some of the factors which will lessen the number of needless steps.

Efficient planning of the family dinner menu and its service is a good starting point. Make plans by the week, to permit efficient marketing. Bake your pie for today, your cookies for tomorrow, and a one-crust pie shell for the next day, all at one baking. Put the kettle of soup to brew while you do the morning work.

In short, plan your week's menus and do as much of the cooking as possible at one time—thus avoiding repetition of processes and consequent waste.

With your mind released by the establishment of a definite plan, proceed further to save by studying your steps. Experimental meals have shown that in the daily feeding of a family of six the housewife carries a total weight of 440 pounds, a total of one and one-third tons per week and hence the tea wagon and kitchen carts. Yet how many attractive tea wagons are left idle from day to day?

Why not use yours in setting the table, in serving the meal, and in readiness for the dessert course? Not only can your tea wagon but your children save you steps. Proper training will enable them happily to use some of their surplus energy in this useful direction.

Have the dessert-bearing tea wagon handy, and save steps.

Delmonico Steak

1 lb. beefsteak, chopped
1 onion, grated
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons suet, chopped

MIX all the ingredients well and shape into large cake on sheet of wax paper. Place meat cake on greased heated broiler or fry pan. Sear on both sides. This should take from four to five minutes for rare steak; six to nine minutes for medium; and eight to ten minutes for well done. When the meat has been well browned the flame should be lowered for remainder of cooking. Serve on hot platter with sauce and garnishings.

Mushroom Sauce

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup brown gravy stock or water
2 tablespoons flour
⅓ cup to 1 cup mushrooms, sliced

MELT butter and add flour. Mix to smooth paste and brown about four minutes, stirring to avoid burning. Slowly stir in hot stock. Boil and stir three minutes. Cut mushrooms small and pan-fry them for five minutes. Add these to sauce and cook slowly ten minutes. Add one-half teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper.

Mashed Potatoes

6 potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
2 or 3 tablespoons cream

WASH, pare, and halve potatoes. Put immediately into boiling salted water (two cups water, one-half teaspoon salt), cover closely, and boil until potatoes are just tender (too long cooking produces a mushy rather than mealy mashed potato). Drain quickly and thoroughly. Shake dry over low flame. Mash thoroughly, add seasonings, and whip until light and fluffy, continuing to hold over low flame during the process.

Buttered Peas and Carrots

2 cups peas
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup carrots, diced or sliced

COOK carrots in closely covered kettle with but small quantity of water, one-half cup. When tender add peas and seasonings. Cook uncovered until water boils out. Serve hot as vegetable or as garnish about the steak.

Green Apple Pie

CRUST—1½ cups flour
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder (to be used by amateurs)
⅓ cup shortening
4 to 6 tablespoons cold water
FILLING—5 or 6 apples
¾ to 1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter

MIX and sift dry ingredients. Cut in cold fat by repeatedly catching it between two knives and cutting through it. Continue stroking mixture with two knives until fat is worked into fine balls resembling granules in coarse meal. Gradually add cold water, mixing it in lightly with knife. Continue until dough can be shaped into ball and handled on lightly floured board. Divide dough into two parts. Handle as little as possible, for handling and rolling toughen the dough. Roll one ball lightly to one-eighth inch thickness, rolling from center out in all directions to keep dough round without re-rolling. Fold paste through center and lift it onto a pie pan. Flatten dough tight to pan, working from center out to eliminate all air bubbles. Trim edge off even with pie plate. Flour crust lightly; add one-half of the sugar; pile the peeled, quartered, and cored apples loosely into crust, leaving air spaces for sirup to lodge in, add remaining sugar and seasonings. Dampen outer edge of crust. Top with upper crust which has been rolled out and pricked with air holes to permit escape of steam. Fasten outer edges of the two crusts well together and trim by fluting or pinching. Bind with half-inch strip of damp cheesecloth to prevent any leakage in oven. Bake thirty-five to forty-five minutes in hot oven (425° F.); at this time the crust should be well browned and apples clear and tender.

MENU

Vegetable Soup — *Croutons*
Delmonico Steak
Mushroom Sauce — *Potatoes*
Peas and Carrots
Tomato, Cucumber, and Lettuce Salad
Rolls — *Jelly*
Green Apple Pie

Vegetable Soup

½ cup turnips, diced
½ cup carrots, diced
½ cup celery, sliced
½ onion, chopped
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup potatoes, diced
1 quart water
2 teaspoons salt

BROWN the turnips, carrots, onion, and celery in the butter. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and cook very slowly for several hours until the vegetables are tender and soup brewed. Serve hot with croutons made by browning one-half-inch cubes of bread in oven.

Train the children to be useful as well as beautiful.

Dancing Gowns *for* Fall Are *of* Chiffon *and* Crepe

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

DRESS of apricot colored chiffon which shades in the fluffy overskirt, through deep orange, into ombre. It is a flower-like gown with the skirt attaining a real petal effect.

DANCE FROCK of white chiffon cut the same front and back, and run with long narrow panels of the material studded with pearl-like beads. The panels flare when one walks. Heavy black crepe dress (at right), with a chain belt of rhinestones which bind the scallops of the skirt, and the long openings from shoulder to waist.

EVENING dress of cyclamen red crepe, with heavy fringe of a deeper shade making an overskirt. There is a large ornament of brilliants and amethysts over the left hip.

AT a dance in an ultra-exclusive club in upper Fifth Avenue the other evening, in a magnificent edifice once the home of a noted society leader of a score of years ago, I saw the dresses shown on this page, and I thought I had never seen so much of Paris in America as was concentrated in that scene. The very setting, American though it was, looked French.

Of course, the gowns were beautiful, and so of every woman with whom I talked I asked the same question, which was, "Where did you get your dress?" The girl who is depicted on the left hand side descending the staircase answered that her sister had sent it to her and that Molyneux had made it. The form is very, very pretty, and carries out an essential motif of the day. Any silhouette is good that looks straight when you stand, yet fans to fullness with movement, and, as it were, wakes to life with the music.

This one is built with a series of narrow panels front and back on a straight silhouette of white chiffon. They, too, are of the material, but heavily beaded, and stitched down to the fairly low waistline. Thence they are left to float. There is a large bunch of violets pinned on the shoulder. And, by the way, the ladies of Paris are wearing real flowers. Gardenias are from the garden and not from the modistes' shops now. But those flying panels are very, very good.

Drecoll made the other dress depicted on the staircase. We noticed it the minute we arrived in the dining room, early in the evening. When the lady arose the dress impressed us even more. The brilliant long bands of rhinestone binding, the side pieces of the bodice, and the chain ceinture of rhinestones were almost dazzling against the dull black crepe of which the dress was made. There was cloth of silver fitting tightly under the arms beneath those long openings from shoulder to belt. I thought I should like to keep on looking at that dress forever. We all know that bright jewels are fashionable, but only the French or a very smart American woman would think to go so far as to bind the scallops of the skirt with imitation gems.

Another young lady called the color of her chiffon dance frock apricot, and it shared the quality of all the other dance frocks of being so soft it lay like down in quiet, but fluffed to the measure of the dance. The fourth dress was of cyclamen red crepe that depended for its circular movement on a darker shade of fringe that made an overskirt to the lower part of the tunic, which it encircled in a line that slanted lower from the left hip to the right. A large ornament of brilliants and amethysts marked the starting point of the girdle effect.

There were soft brocades of delicate flower shades—rose tints in velvet for wraps with silver linings, and soft crushable collars in silver. Masses of materials were shirred across the fronts of skirts, and then again across the backs of them, and sometimes on the sides.

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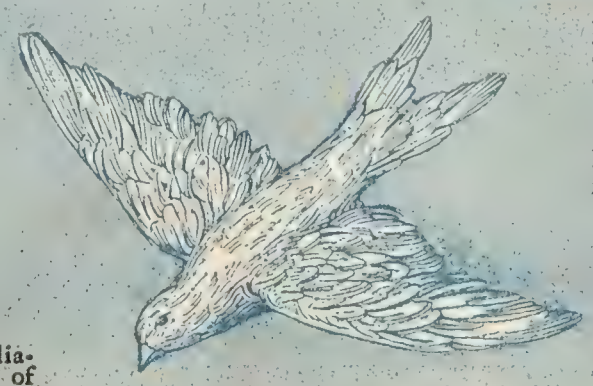

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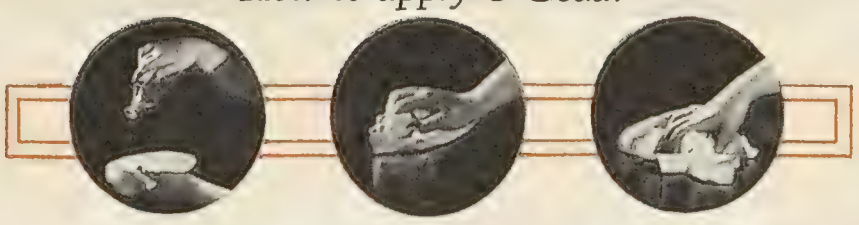


1. Pour a little on a cloth 2. Go over the surface. 3. Polish with a fresh cloth.*
*A moist cloth for cleaning, a dry cloth for polishing.

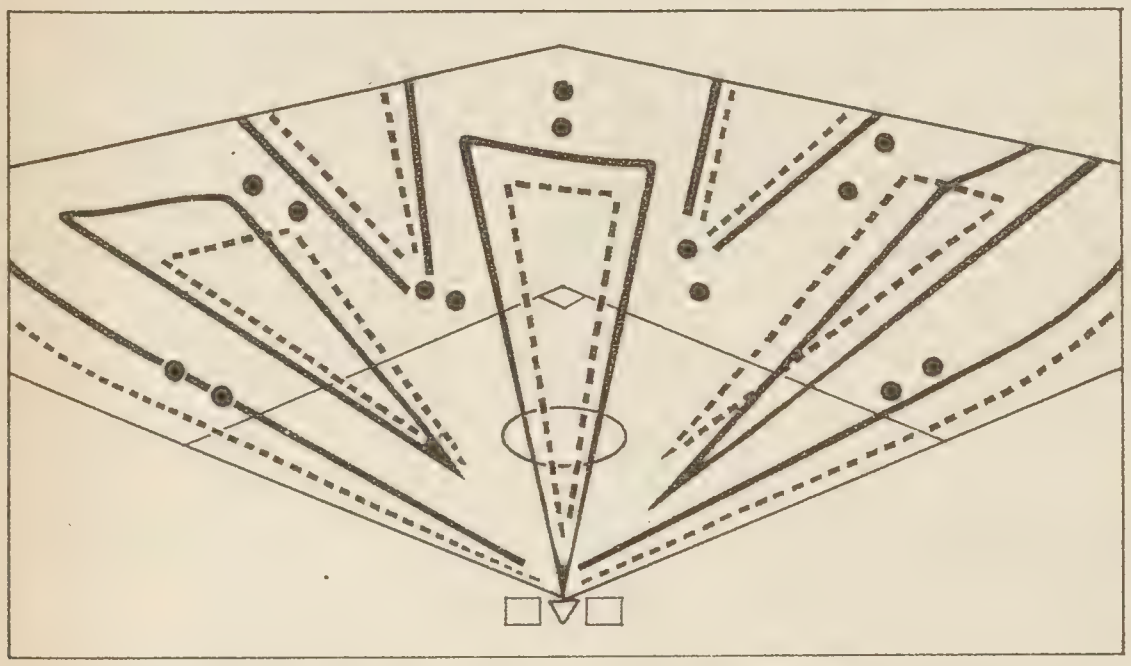
This attractive room is in the beautiful St. Paul, Minnesota residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Hill. You would look far before you could find a more interesting example of well cared for wood surfaces.

O-Cedar Polish

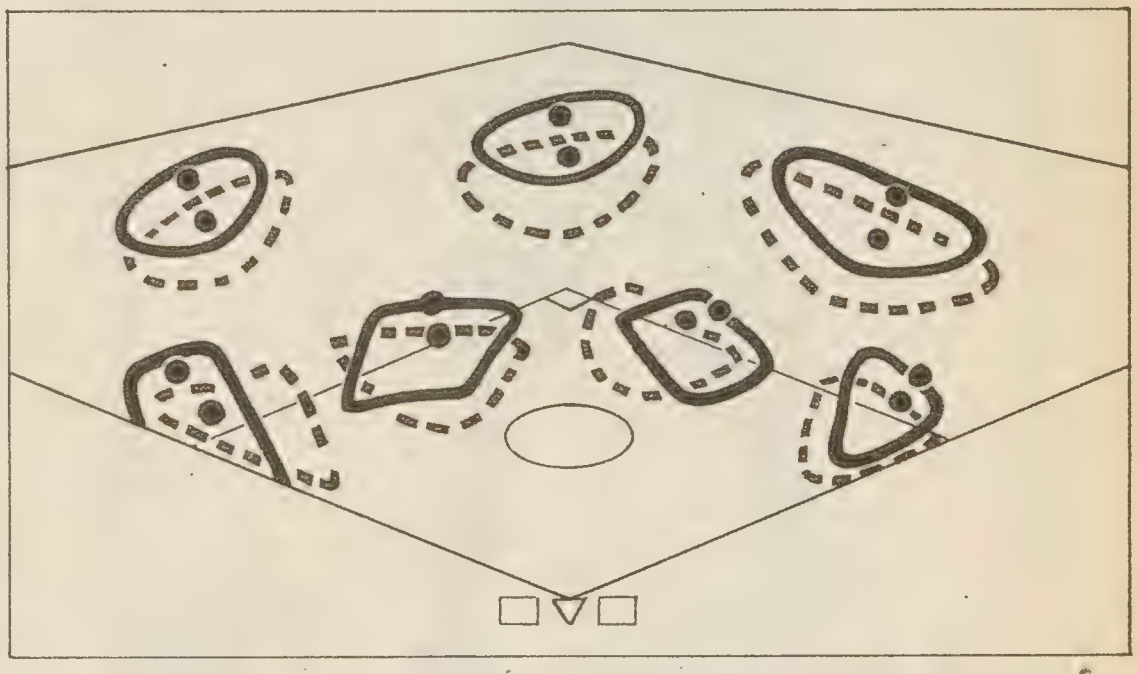
Cleans as it polishes

How the "RABBIT" BALL Changed the Game

By Hugh Fullerton



The dotted lines in the diagram show the zone where a ball was theoretically safe in the old days; the black lines show the safety zone for the lively ball in the "slugging bees."



The dotted lines indicate the former positions as played by the infielders and outfielders; the black lines show the stations to be covered in the days of the "rabbit" ball's scamper.

It Made Second-Raters of Former Stars, and "Phenoms" Out of Bench-Warmers, but It Delighted the Fans—and That's That!

HUGH FULLERTON, veteran baseball reporter, wrote a series of articles in 1908, 1909, and 1910 describing in detail the intricacies of inside baseball. He showed how carefully the plays were planned and worked out, as precisely as a good general does a campaign.

The "rabbit" ball changed all this. Mr. Fullerton tells how the difference in the ball destroyed the strategy of the game. Now the fine points are no more. The stars of yesterday probably would be dubs of today.

IN 1910 twenty-two and a fraction per cent of all balls batted in five leagues fell safe. Of 1,284 "grounders" batted only one hundred and thirty-eight got past infielders. In that famous year of baseball, timing hundreds of batted balls, sporting writers figured that the average speed of a ground ball hit to a shortstop was one and three-twentieths seconds.

We figured that a ball batted at that speed ought to pass infielders if hit within a foot and a half of either first or third, and that there were three spaces on the infield between normal positions of fielders, seven and one-half feet wide between first and second basemen and second baseman and shortstop and eight and one-half feet between shortstop and third base, through which a ball batted at that rate or faster should go safe.

Experts also figured twenty-six and one-half feet of the infield territory and seventy-four feet of the outfield territory were not defensible except by the shifting of positions by players or by extraordinary speed.

In 1923, 24,216 hits went safe out of 85,259 batted in the major leagues—or one in three and fifty-two one-hundredths. This is twenty-eight and a fraction per cent, compared to the twenty-two plus of 1910. Of 2,720 ground balls counted (official averages do not count the nature of hits) five hundred and thirty-two were driven safely past infielders. In other words, about one in five ground balls went safe in 1923, while in 1910 about one in nine got through.

In 1910 a little more than half the home runs were made on hits into stands or over fences—and that with five small parks with short grounds. In 1923 of the nine hundred and seventy-eight home runs made in the major leagues only one hundred and twenty-nine were on balls hit inside the parks. The rest were into stands or over fences—with the average size of the parks increased.

In 1924, a season of terrific hitting, official figures showed a slight increase in the number of batted balls that passed the infielders without being touched and in the number of balls batted over fences and stands. The season of 1925 will reveal another slight increase in both items.

The fact that the average position of the infielders of 1925 is eight feet deeper than in 1910 and the average position of outfielders about twenty-four feet deeper makes it appear strange that, during the last season, of more than five hundred balls timed as accurately as possible the ball reached the shortstop in one and one-twentieth seconds after traveling eight feet farther. Oddly, too, with the infielders playing back eight feet farther than they did formerly, the infield "grooves," instead of being reduced, have remained approximately the same and the outfield indefensible space has increased.

Whatever difference there is between the ball of 1910 and the new ball is still a matter of dispute. The investigation by the National League failed to establish the reason for the ball's increased liveliness. Julian Curtis, president of Spalding's, which makes the ball used in the National League, says there has been no change in the ball nor in the materials from which it is made, save that since the war better yarn and better leather have been obtained. The yarn comes from a single grade of wool and is made in the same factory.

Professor Harold A. Fales of Columbia University, on the other hand, found considerable differences between the balls used in 1914, 1920, and 1925. In actual resiliency he found little, if any, difference, but the 1925 ball is slightly larger and slightly heavier. In addition, the stitching of the cover on the ball now in use is different from that of the ball used in the old days. The 1925 ball stitches are countersunk, and, therefore, afford the pitchers less purchase to curve and control the ball.

Some pitchers have said the increased weight of the ball, slight as it may be, accounts for the differences, much as an added pound or so makes a difference in the speed of a race horse.

I doubt very much if the ball used in the season just ending was any livelier than the one that came into the big league four years ago. I do believe that the increased hitting is due to the fact that everyone, even the pitchers, grasps the bat near the end and takes a "healthy," as the players say. In the season of 1925 I saw only one player choke his bat consistently, and that was Max Carey of Pittsburgh.

The old "just-meet-it" style of hitting has changed to a harder slugging method, with the result that even poor hitters are hitting the ball oftener, striking out oftener, and making a greater percentage of hits.

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Toward the end of this season John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, said the fast ball had been withdrawn. It was not officially announced at the time but the pitchers began to notice that the cover was not so tight, as one of them expressed it, and that the ball had become easier to control. Another theory advanced for the slowing up of the ball was that the balls were kept in ice boxes, which cooled them and dampened the yarn.

Only a month ago President Ban Johnson of the American League confirmed reports of slight modifications in the construction of balls used in the two major leagues. Manufacturers, however, expressed the belief that the slight changes would have no effect on the resiliency of the ball. The chief change lay in a slight alteration of the construction of the rubber mold which encases the cork center.

The job of infielder since the advent of the "rabbit" ball ought to be classed as extra-hazardous.

If the infielders today dared play as close to the batter as did those of some years ago there would be fatalities, severe injuries, and the batting averages of the players would increase at least ten per cent, experts say.

THE effect of the lively ball has been to change the play of infielders radically and has forced them to fall back farther and farther to avoid opening too wide the gaps between the positions.

Even with the infielder playing that much deeper, they are unable, by covering that much additional ground, to narrow the lanes between fielders through which hard-hit balls normally go safe. More and more the players are compelled to *guess* where the ball will be hit.

In that one respect (outside, of course, of long-distance hitting) the lively ball has improved the game. Players are compelled, if they are to hold their jobs, to study batters more and more, and to figure where the batters are most likely to hit the ball, and shift, or be on the move toward that spot when the ball is hit. No longer is it possible for a second baseman or shortstop to play anywhere and "go get 'em."

Prior to the adoption of the fast ball, great speed, while desirable, was not necessary for successful infielders. A strong arm, a good pair of hands, were all a shortstop needed.

With the new ball a shortstop must play deep, from eight to ten feet deeper than formerly; have speed, and also a strong arm. He has five feet more to cover both to right and left, ten feet farther to move forward, and his average throws are nearly ten feet longer. If he attempts to play closer, one

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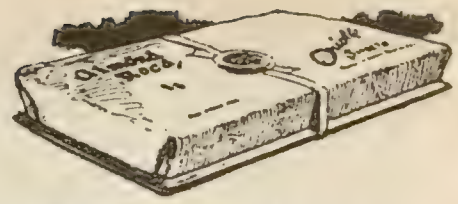

Almond Roca

—it defies description!

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How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

A Man is Known

By the Garters He Keeps

Also by the Garters he throws away

Your present pair may have looked all right to you this morning but—How would they seem in a living room full of friends if you were called upon to imitate a Scotch bagpiper?

A new pair occasionally will do as much for your pride as an apple a day will do for your health.

The Dealer who Sells you Bostons knows Quality

George Frost Company, Boston, Makers

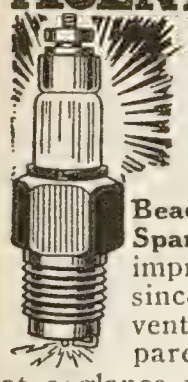
OF VELVET GRIP HOSE SUPPORTERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' successful experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Many of the full page illustrations appearing in leading national magazines are drawn by Meyer Both artists. Our graduates are filling attractive positions in every section of the country. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School
Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspaper in your locality about us. Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students and the unusual opportunity in this attractive and well paid profession.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 82
CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS NEW SPARK PLUG



Visible Flash

They Tell at a Glance How Cylinders Are Firing

Agents!—At Last—Something really new. **Beacon-Lite Visible Flash Spark Plug**—the greatest improvement in spark plugs since gas engines were invented. Unbreakable, transparent, opalite core shows at a glance which cylinders are firing. Just lift the hood and look. You see the flash of each explosion. A quick, easy test for ignition trouble, weak compression, improper gas mixture. No guessing. No testing. Amazing gas savers. Guaranteed. Fastest sellers in years. You can make

$90 A Week Easy

No wonder agents are coining money. Every auto owner wants Beacon-Lites. Sell on sight. Ten second demonstration gets the order. No talking necessary. No competition. No experience needed. **Hustlers make $15 a day** for a few hours' easy, pleasant work. Big profit in every order. Business furnishes capital. Phillips, Ont., writes: "Sold 2 dozen today, 3 dozen yesterday. Profit, $24.00. Rush 10 dozen." Forbes, Minn., says: "Sold goods for 15 years. Nothing equal to Beacon-Lites for quick profits." Start now.

FREE Plugs

And Selling Demonstrator Given to Advertise

Send No Money—Write for Free Offer

Just send name and address for **Free Offer**—a Special Free deal to agents who get busy at once. No charge for territory. A letter or a post card will bring you all particulars Free. It's an unlimited opportunity to cash in big—in a wonderful new business of your own. No obligation. Act now. **Write today.**

CENTRAL PETROLEUM CO.
1530 CENTURY BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes

High grade, clear white bond paper — unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6x7 in. with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery. This stationery, unprinted, would ordinarily cost you more than $1.00; our large production at narrow margin makes this offer possible.

$1.00 POST PAID

Name and Address Printed FREE

on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.

Just send the coupon below with $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U. S. $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or **print** clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded if you are not pleased in every way. Send coupon today!

National Stationery Co.
2537 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen—I enclose $1.00 (*$1.10 for shipments west of Denver and outside U.S.*) for which please send me, postage prepaid, 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of National Stationery printed as follows:

_____

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To avoid errors please Write or Print Clearly

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

in eight hard-hit balls will go past him untouched which formerly he would have reached.

On an average, counting ground balls which are hit at a speed of one hundred and fifteen miles an hour and reach the shortstop in approximately one and one-eighth seconds in his present position, the shortstop can cover probably fourteen feet to his right and twelve to his left, by quick starting.

Formerly the ball, hit with the same force and direction, came to the shortstop, playing eight feet closer to the plate than he now does, in fully a tenth of a second less than today. He could, even with the shorter range, cover from sixteen to eighteen feet to his right if he started quickly, and fourteen to sixteen feet to his left.

He could reach to and sometimes past second base, and throw out the runner, provided the ball bounded high.

The great difference in the position play now is that the "snap throw" is extremely difficult to make from the longer distance. To get the ball over to first base while playing deep the fielder is compelled to straighten up and make a long-swing throw instead of "whipping" with an elbow and wrist motion.

Practically the same figures apply to second basemen. There is a difference, however: the shortstop who cannot "go to his right" is practically useless. This fact has made second-raters out of some shortstops formerly rated among the leaders. The second baseman who cannot move fast to his left also is handicapped, but his throw is shorter. The shortstop must go back on the grass, far to his right, get the ball, and make the throw. There are two shortstops in the major leagues who will not last, merely because, after racing across and back and making the stops, they cannot throw out runners.

THE jobs of the first basemen and third basemen have not been affected as much, but the danger of being crippled has increased.

By retreating from four to six feet the third baseman has been able to cover his territory almost as well as before, provided he has the ability to move straight ahead at top speed, to field balls that have been half stopped, or to reach "push bunts." The balls that trouble him most are those which strike on fair ground in front of third and curve over to foul territory after passing the bag. They are dangerous hits, as when they get onto foul ground they are good for two or three bases. This fact has forced left fielders to move slightly over toward the left-field foul line in order to retrieve such hits quickly and to study the angles of the stands in order to play the ball when it caroms off the grand stand.

The first baseman, with the bases empty, can rove far back of his position and protect himself.

The encroaching of the stands upon the playing area, especially in right and left fields, accounts for a small part of the increase in batting averages. As a matter of fact, the playing fields of today, in spite of the erection of huge stadia, are, on the average, larger than they were a decade ago. An analysis of the fields shows that of the sixteen major fields four are actually smaller than they formerly were, three are larger, while the others are the same.

THE change has almost destroyed the art of base running. Of all the managers, only a few use base running to any extent in the attack, and that in spite of the fact that, with the infielders forced to play back, and with the pitchers handicapped by the ball, it should be easier to steal bases than ever before. The managers figure, and properly so, that the chances of a runner advancing by stealing successfully are less than by hitting. The strategy of the game now calls for getting many runs.

The result is that the sacrifice bunt has almost disappeared. The ball is much harder to bunt successfully than it was, and three-fifths of the sacrifices shown in the official figures are sacrifice flies to the outfield.

The livelier ball is responsible for the near extinction of another play, which was one of the most beautiful in the old game. That is the close plays at the plate. The long driving has pushed the outfielders back so far that it has become more and more difficult for them to make a successful throw to the plate after catching a fly, and few even attempt the long throw home unless the fly ball is short and caught while racing forward.

The long driving, the fact that a batting rally is liable to occur at any minute, the increased hitting, and the large scores sustain interest. The crowds no longer start home in the seventh or eighth inning, considering the game over if one team is leading by two or three runs.

Judged by attendance figures, the new game is more popular than the old. Judged by some of the players, managers, and old-time fans, who loved the strategy, the quick action, and seizing of opportunity, the old game was better. But, of course, as long as the public likes the batting thrills, it will continue to keep up the box office receipts, and against the box office receipts the sentiment of old-timers hasn't a ghost of a chance. The public likes it; that is the answer, and the "rabbit" ball is here to stay, at least until the public tires of it.

THE END

"Here is Good Gasoline"

—Says the Spread Red Eagle

THE Spread Red Eagle on the black triangle is the insignia of the Independent Oil Men of America. Under this sign the good local reputation of each member is nationalized and made known to the general public.

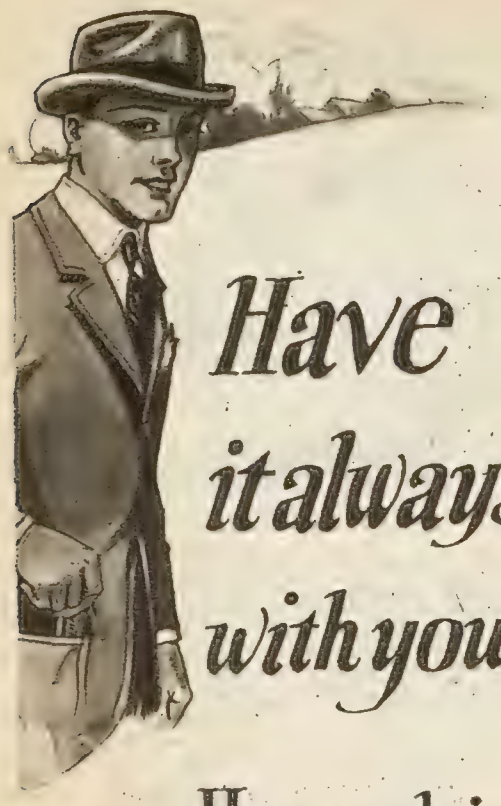
When you see this sign you are sure of friendly service and good gas and oil, no matter what the name of the local brand sold. You know that the Independent Oil man has a definite responsibility to fulfill in his locality—to his association, and to the traveling public. You may be certain that here is an independent unit of the mighty force of independents whose economic, free competition has maintained quality and price at a fair level.

Steer for the Spread Red Eagle.

Red Hat Gasoline

Many Spread Red Eagle Independents carry Red Hat gasoline—an independent brand of U. S. Motor Fuel specification. (Only they can sell it.)

NOTE: Independents of high character are invited to membership in the Independent Oil Men of America—624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interests of Independent Oil.



Have it always with you!

Have this handy little Wrigley package right with you.

Draw on it when you're thirsty-when your mouth and throat are dry.

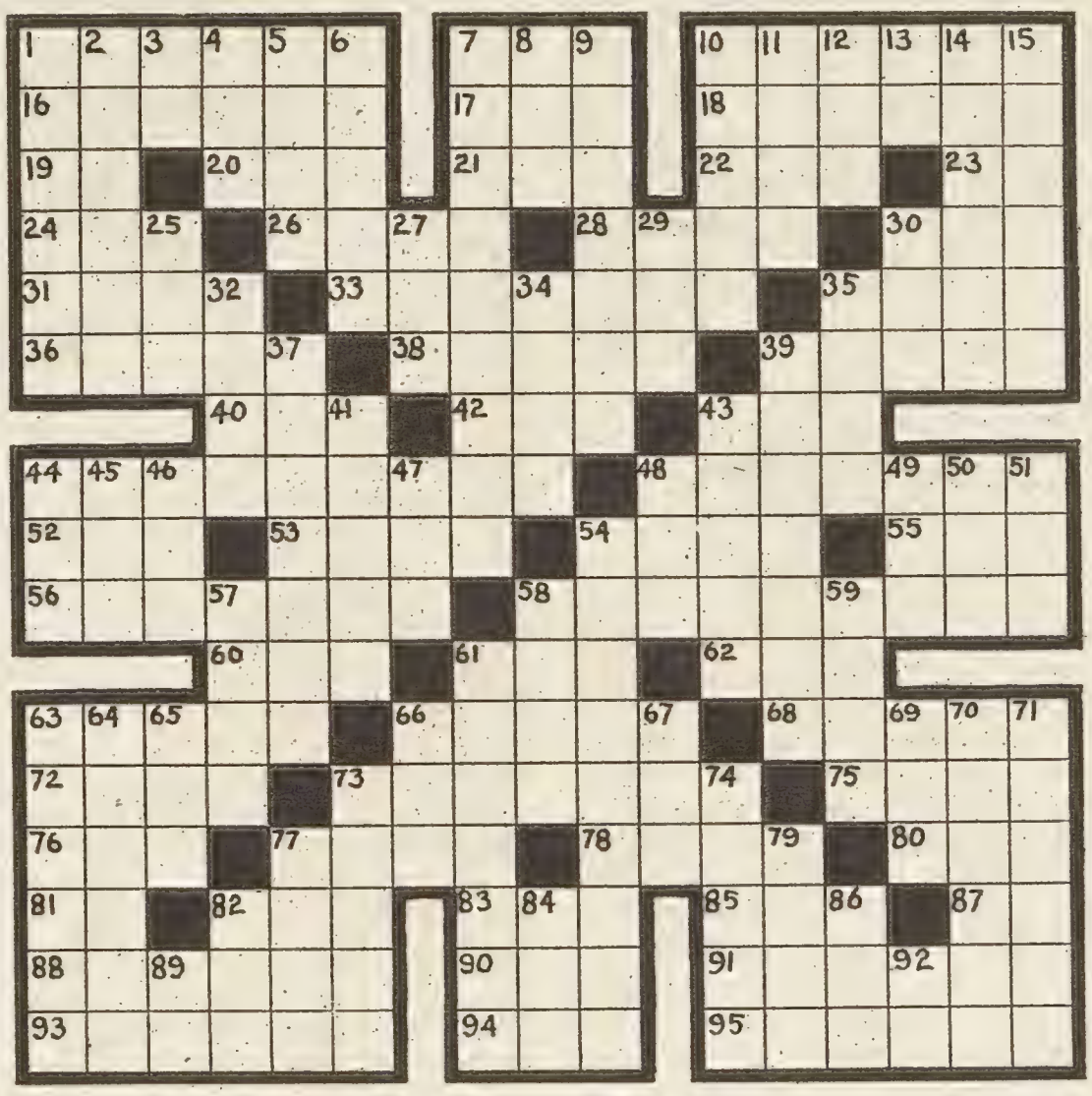
After smoking, too, it sweetens the taste and cools the tongue.

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 41

THE other day someone produced one of those intelligence tests for us to solve. We got one hundred per cent—almost! And all because we're a cross-word puzzle hound! "What is a roc?" was one of the questions. "What are carnivora?" "Who was Ra?" Ask the cross-word puzzler. He knows!

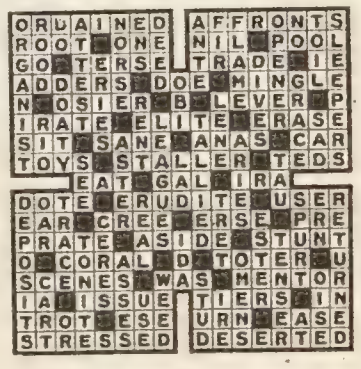


HORIZONTAL

1 Ascended
7 A product of suppuration
10 Cutting instrument
16 Live
17 One or once (prefix)
18 Pasteboard box
19 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
20 The foot of an animal
21 Slack
22 A form of "to be"
23 Not in any respect or degree
24 The stern section of a ship
26 Range of stables about an open space
28 Caustic
30 Commotion
31 Indigence
33 Ramblers
35 Tread
36 Distinguishing feature
38 Members of a tribe of Siouan Indians
39 Pares
40 Grass land
42 An electrified particle
43 Revolving vane or vanes
44 Superabundant fullness
48 Letter of defiance or challenge (plural)
52 Native compound containing metal
53 The first part of the day (poet.)
54 Heal
55 Payment for professional services
56 The coloring matter of cochineal
58 Sychophantic
60 Pronoun
61 Impair
62 Clamor
63 Adhere closely
66 Color
68 A stick or staff
72 7.52 inches
73 Soldier
75 Semi-precious quartz
76 Feminine proper name
77 A game of cards
78 Shift
80 A high priest of Israel, the mentor of Samuel
81 A preposition
82 To swing from side to side
83 Exclamation
85 To affect with pain
87 Small fish of the carp kind
88 Threaten
90 Negative particle
91 Gratify
93 Dwarfs
94 Billow
95 Assumed an appearance

VERTICAL

1 Pre-eminently bad
2 Short coat of thick cloth
3 Exists
4 To drink by small bits
5 A seaport of Holland
6 Fresher
7 Throb
8 Feminine proper name
9 Numeral
10 Disfigures
11 A stag
12 Prior
13 Contiguous to
14 A French lyric form of verse
15 Prys sneakingly
25 A beverage
27 Court
29 Metric measures of area
30 Consumed
32 A flavoring used largely in pickles
34 Satellite of the earth
35 Dispatched
37 Abounding
39 A form of paralysis
41 Expiate
43 Practical unit of electrical capacity
44 Fabulous bird of Arabia
45 Period of time marked by some notable event
46 By
47 State of irritation
48 Mongrel
49 Lizard-like animal
50 Silver coin of Roumania (plural)
51 Dry; said of wines
54 Order of flesh-eating mammals
57 Religious recluse
58 Couple
59 In
61 Fugitive West Indian slaves
63 Maintains
64 Small bird of the finch kind
65 Hostelry
66 Parity
67 Digit
69 Simian
70 Traveling bag
71 Expunged
73 Carries on, as a war
74 Mows
77 An actuality
79 Irritates
82 Pale
84 Garden implement
86 Shelter
89 Letter of the Greek alphabet
92 Form of "to be"



Answer to Puzzle No. 40

YOU'RE BOUND TO HAVE FUN!

JUST BEFORE BEDTIME WILL BE REAL PLAYTIME WITH

PIG SQUEAK

THE greatest Game ever brought out—YOU'VE NEVER seen a game like it—The old Lady goes to market, and buys a Pig—a real "Devil May Care" kind of a rascal who just refuses to be bossed—He runs away, and you have to catch him. When you do corner the little fellow—Oh, Boy, how he "squeaks"—you can hear him clear across the room. The stunt is to bring your pig home first—it looks easy, it seems easy—but try it, that's the FUN.

Lessons will be done and out of the way in a "jiffy" if "mom and pop" join in the game. Everybody gets a chance.

YOU'LL CHEER AND ROOT AT EVERY PLAY

PIG SQUEAK SELLS AT $1.00 ALL STORES

West of the Mississippi and Canada, $1.25

ASK YOUR DEALER

If he can't supply you send us his name and the price of a game.

"PIG SQUEAK is a Big Game for the Money"

Daly-Fetherston Corp.

302 Broadway, Dept. "A," New York City

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

In The Movies and Happily Married

NO TIME to rest is Marguerite De La Motte's complaint. This popular leading lady (above), who prefers to free lance, has just finished work in a special feature, Off The Highway, which Producer's Distributing Corporation will handle. William V. Mong and John Bowers are with her. Melbourne-Spurr Photo.

HOLLYWOOD is just getting over the happy marriage of Viola Dana (above) and Maurice (Lefty) Flynn. Both of them admit that they like marriage even though they are in the movies. Viola was last seen hereabouts as Rouletta, in First National's Winds of Chance
Walter Frederic Seely Photo.

NOT just Viola Dana's husband is Lefty Flynn (left). He is featured in F. B. O.'s Jack o' Diamonds, a gentleman Raffles picture, now ready.

Captions by
RICHARD HALLIDAY

A Page of Movie Reviews

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

John Gilbert as Danilo and Mae Murray as Sally O'Hara in *The Merry Widow.*

Scene from the celluloid edition of Wagner's Siegfried.

Pauline Starke as Emmy, the South Carolina hill girl, in *Sun Up.*

THE MERRY WIDOW

Directed by E. von Stroheim — Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Sally (the Merry Widow).....Mae Murray
Danilo.....John Gilbert
Crown Prince.....Roy D'Arcy
Queen Milena.....Josephine Crowell
King Nikita.....George Fawcett
Baron Sadoja.....Tully Marshall
Danilo's Adjutant.....Count Conti

NOT all the good films were shown during Better Movie Week.

There is Von Stroheim's new picture, *The Merry Widow,* adapted for the screen from the operetta by Victor Leon, Leo Stein, and Franz Lehar. The story tells of Sally O'Hara's rise from chorus girl to queen of an imaginary kingdom. Such a romantic story is always fascinating, no matter if you believe it all actually happened or not.

The details have been executed with skill, and the extras intelligently chosen. If you happen to take your eyes off Mae Murray or John Gilbert for a moment, and study the people in the background, you will notice that each is an interesting character study. There are several amusing scenes between the queen, the king, the crown prince, and his cousin. It reveals that not only do the best regulated families quarrel, but the very best kings fight strenuously, with their dignified families, behind the walls of their private rooms.

I am enthusiastic about the picture, and particularly about Von Stroheim's powerful direction.

Roy D'Arcy is good. But it is a part for Von Stroheim, and I do not see how he resisted playing it. John Gilbert puts great force in a large and difficult role. He is firmly established as one of the best leading men.

A woman said, after leaving the theater, "I do hope John Gilbert lives in the East. I'd hate to go out to California, but I must see him."

It is a shame Mae Murray has not had such fine direction before. Her acting is less frenzied, and her performance as Sally O'Hara is the most convincing characterization she has given. Josephine Crowell has always impressed me as the best woman in the movies to impersonate a queen. Both George Fawcett and Tully Marshall are, of course, good.

SIEGFRIED

Directed by Fritz Lang — UFA Production

THE CAST:

Siegfried.....Paul Richter
Kriemhild.....Margarete Schon
Brunhilde.....Hanna Ralph
King Gunther.....Theodor Loos
Hagen Tronje.....Hans Schlettow

UFA, the German movie corporation, which gave us Emil Jannings in The Last Laugh with considerable success, has sought, with a new picture, *Siegfried,* to capitalize the popularity of the previous film.

It is the screen version of what some people think the most spectacular opera of the Wagnerian Ring, and properly enough, it is to be taken with the composer's music. It will have admirers. When Siegfried is sung, late comers often have to content themselves with standing room. But those who go to this film pageant will hardly find it a successor to the opera itself or the human story of The Last Laugh.

The plot of Siegfried follows one of those involved Teutonic legends. In it are romance and adventure, but here it is ponderously and even dolorously, set forth. Nevertheless, with characteristic German thoroughness, this picture is fine in detail—full of imagination and beauty. The effect of each foot of the film seems to have been carefully studied.

If you like Wagner you will probably enjoy this celluloid Siegfried. The members of the cast are unfamiliar here, of course. Some of the acting is pretty heavy. It's hard to say how Americans will react to this film.

NEXT WEEK: *The Wanderer,* a Paramount picture; *Below the Line,* by Warner Brothers, and *The Freshman,* by Pathe.

SUN UP

Directed by E. Goulding — Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Rufe.....Conrad Nagel
Stranger.....George K. Arthur
Mother.....Lucille Laverne
Emmy.....Pauline Starke
Sheriff Weeks.....Sam De Grasse
Pop Todd.....William Orlamond
Bud.....Arthur Rankin

IT was during the World War.

The people lived in South Carolina.

The boy didn't know where France was, but he wanted to fight for his country. His mother, for a reason I'll let the film reveal to you, hated the United States Government.

That is the beginning of the dramatic story, and furnishes the base on which the subsequent action is built. It is the closest the producers have come to repeating the success of Tol'able David, though it doesn't quite achieve the same heights. There was something authentic about Tol'able David. You believed in it.

But the scenes in *Sun Up* were obviously taken on the Pacific Coast. The same mistake was made in filming My Son. It marred the perfection of the picture for me.

Lucille Laverne, who played the same role in the stage success, convinces one of the reality of the character. Several of her scenes are acted with true sincerity and feeling.

Pauline Starke is pretty. Too pretty and polished for a mountain girl. She is more like a movie star dressed in rags, going to a masquerade ball.

However, it seems that the younger movie actresses have yet to learn there is a time and place for realism in costume and still another time and place for their unmussed coiffures.

Conrad Nagel is seen in an unfamiliar role. I think it is the best thing he has done. There are splendid opportunities in the part and he takes every advantage of them. George K. Arthur is also in the cast. He does not stand out as he has in his two preceding pictures, but he is good. I am particularly interested in this newcomer's future.

It is the first picture Edmund Goulding has directed, and certainly should not be his last.

A picture worth seeing.

A Fitting Climax to the Perfect Dinner

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

THE JELL-O COMPANY, Inc. LE ROY, NEW YORK

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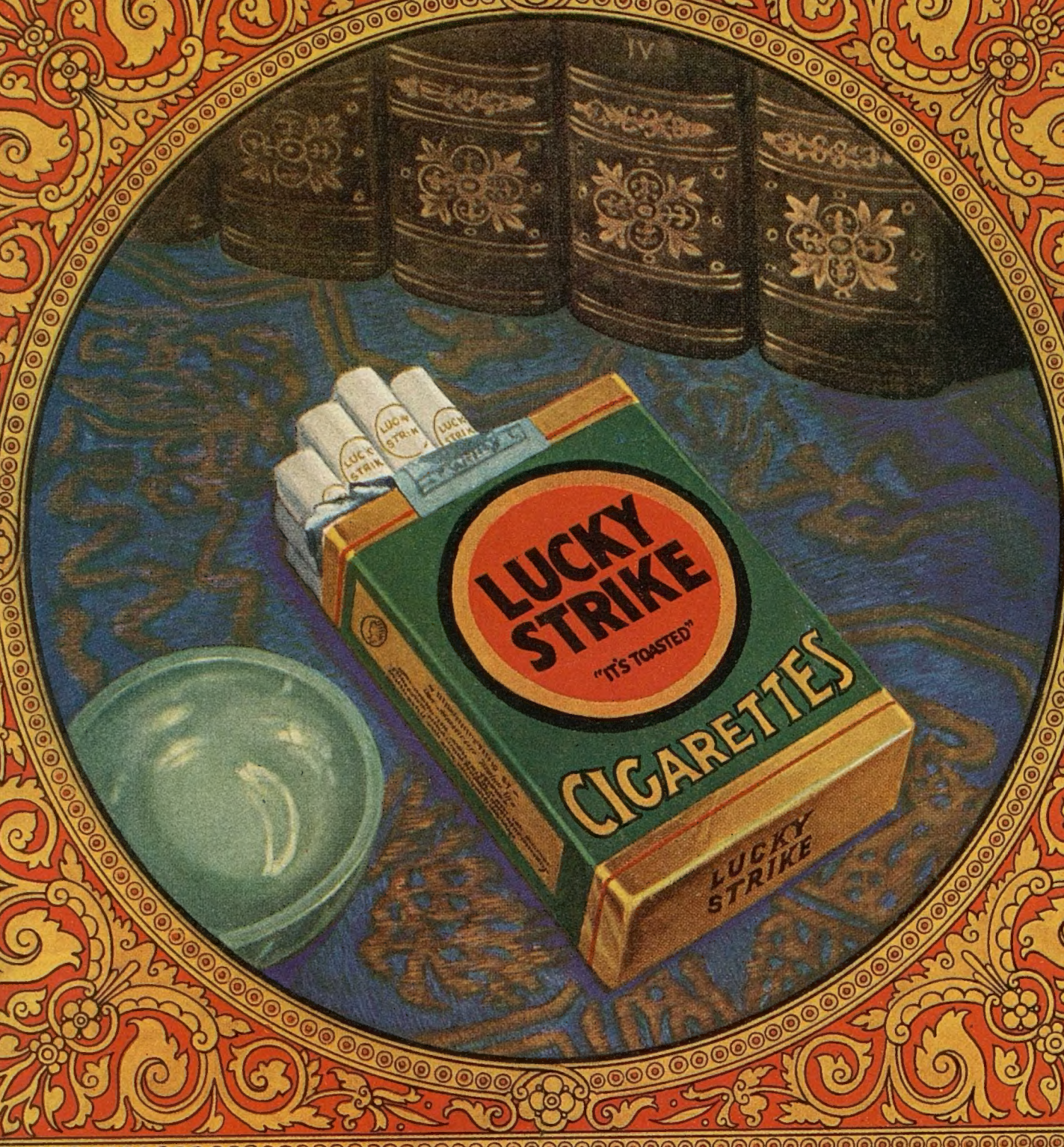

To smoke Lucky Strike
for a change is to smoke
them forever from choice

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"